

THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

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No. 8.

Allegretto.

A FAMOUS physician at a dinner party, who thought he had a fine voice, after singing a song, remarked that when he was young, he was quite undecided whether to choose medicine or music as a profession. A friend replied promptly, "Frank, your voice is physic."



MARY. "And what do the notes be, Andy?"
ANDY. "I can't tell them off; but had I me flute I c'u'd play them."

MAID (to mistress who is going abroad): "Shall I put any music in the trunk for your stateroom?"

Mistress (thinking of *mal de mer*): "Yes, put in that composition by Heave, 'When the Swallows Upward Fly.'"

THE following notice was recently posted up at Lancaster; it speaks for itself very plainly:—

THE SACRED CONCERT announced to be given by the MIDGET MINSTRELS WILL NOT TAKE PLACE

Owing to officious interference on the part of the Local Authorities, who in their wisdom have decided that the performance of high-class Sacred Classical Music on Sunday is not permissible in this instance, and would be pernicious to the public morality of Lancaster.

I am, however, led to understand that the Public-Houses will be open as usual.

MONTAGUE ROBY.

LANCASTER, July 5, 1890.

SHE looked around the shop at the music, at the instruments and at the people. Then she walked to the counter.

"I would like a violin, if you please," she remarked.

"Certainly. Have you any choice in regard to the make?" asked the clerk.

"Oh yes," she said, with a rising inflection on the assertion. "I would like to get a Stradivarius."

"Par—pardon me," gasped the clerk; "what kind would you like?"

"A Stradivarius," the lady repeated.

The clerk recovered, and informed the would-be purchaser of the instrument that he was just out of that particular brand of fiddles. "But," he said, "a great many people are ambitious to get a Stradivarius. There's nothing else I can do for you?" he asked.

"Well, if I can't get that perhaps you could let me have a nice second-hand banjo, cheap."

ACCORDING to the *Neu Musikzeitung*, the following epitaph may be seen in Madrid cemetery:—"Here lies Juan Pinto, the Spanish Orpheus. On his arrival in heaven he joined in the archangels' song, but the LORD had scarcely heard him when He said, 'Every one else be quiet and let only the *cantor de camera* Pinto sing.'"

Le Menestrel states that Sarasate, on his recent American tour gave 100 concerts, for each of which he received £120, and all his travelling expenses were paid. Eugene d'Albert, who was engaged with him, received £40 for each concert. In addition to which, however, a sum of £6000 was paid him by Messrs. Steinway for playing exclusively on their pianos.

SARASATE has lately bought a superb Stradivarius, for which he paid £1000. A Mr. Johnson, of New York, afterwards offered him £4000 for it, but he would not part with it. Sarasate says of this violin, "I have not yet played on it in public, for up to the present it has remained insensible to my caresses, and behaves like a beautiful woman, who allows herself to be adored without returning any affection; by and by it will relent. Anyhow, I love it for its beauty."

A SINGULAR occurrence happened lately at Barcelona. In one of the theatres of this town, a drama called "Judas" was being played with great success. It had arrived at its sixtieth representation, when suddenly an order came from the Pope to stop it. Author, actors, and director all submitted without a word, and "Judith" is no more. Such is the Pope's power in Spain.

At a festival given in commemoration of the formation of the First Prussian Life Guards regiment the other day at Potsdam, a graceful feature was an equestrian dance executed by

the officers of the regiment in the form of quadrilles, followed by a chorus of dismounted troopers. The Emperor and Empress were enthusiastic spectators. An amusing incident of this musical ride was the chase and capture of the Negro drummer, whose kettle-drums yielded a fragrant profusion of bouquets, which were tossed by the cavaliers among the fair spectators.

THE Russian autumn manoeuvres next month, which are to be attended by the Emperor William, and to which the Czar invited the Prince of Wales, will be of a most elaborate character, and a number of novelties are to be introduced, including balloons, tricycles and bicycles, and a newly invented electrical bugle, which is worked by a piston, and which sounds like a foghorn.

THERE is a story of a lady who accused her husband of sleeping in church, and received the reply that the clergyman was thoroughly orthodox, and it was not necessary to remain awake in order to criticise him; he could be trusted. This is matched by the gentleman who confessed he never listened to the voluntaries of the organist officiating at the church he attended, and who was an eminent performer, on the ground that he played "Bach and those other fellows," and must be "all right, you know."

M. PASTEUR and music do not seem to have any great affinity, yet he has lately inspired some one to write an ode. An aristocratic deputation from London waited on M. Pasteur and presented him with a photographic album. This present was accompanied by another mark of admiration, under the form of an ode specially composed by Lady Thompson and the words by Lady Paget. Miss Paget had the honour of singing it before the illustrious savant!

M. DENHOF will carry away with him a lively recollection of the music of the London streets. At his recent recital the principal item of his programme was a Beethoven sonata; he had to play it while the excruciating sounds of "Ah, che la morte" from a piano-organ, sadly in need of tuning, came in loudly through the open windows of Princes' Hall. In Texas the barrel-organ fiend would probably have been shot, and the test to which poor M. Denhof was subjected would certainly have disturbed the equanimity of a Rubinstein, and would assuredly have caused Dr. Von Bülow to mutter blessings in disguise.

MR. M'ARTHUR in his book relates the following amusing experience of Rubinstein and Liszt in Rotterdam, when on their great concert tour in 1854. Both artists were engaged for the Music Festival there, and living together in the one hotel, they were in the habit of driving out together. On one occasion, having some business in one of the shops near the quay, they drove

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there; but, the business ended, they returned to their carriage only to find it had gone off and was nowhere to be seen. There was nothing therefore to be done except walk home, and this they started to do.

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At that time both were young men. Liszt, tall, stately, dandified, although disordered in attire, wearing light kid gloves, and with long golden hair thrown back on his shoulders; Rubinstein, with his lion head and Beethovenish cast of features, was no less striking in appearance. The appearance of both, however, awoke the sense of the strange, and to the vulgar mind, therefore, the ludicrous, in the minds of the fisherwomen—brawny red-armed amazons—loitering about the quays with their creels of fish, and they gathered in a considerable number about the two artists. Liszt, aristocratic to his finger-tips, was in despair, and as the women, gathering closer about him, observed this, they became more and more hilarious and rude, till finally the two unhappy artists had to come to a dead stop, the women forming a ring and dancing around them, plucking them by the sleeves and coat-tails, and laughing uproariously. At last matters became insupportable, and Rubinstein, in one of his sudden passions, broke through the ring, Liszt following; and taking to their heels the two artists fled to their hotel, followed by the derisive shouts of their tormentors, till they got safely under cover.

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A CAPITAL little monthly paper, called *The Strad*, is now being published for the information and instruction of amateur and other violinists. The editor apparently has a good deal to put up with. At any rate there seems to be a certain dash of irony in the following, which I find among the answers to correspondents:—

We can thoroughly recommend the varnish you name, but we hardly think it advisable for you to trust your violin into the hands of an ordinary house-painter, however skilful he may be in his particular art.

The amateur who proposed to send his fiddle to "an ordinary house-painter" to be revarnished, deserves to be photographed for future identification.

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MR. BEN. DAVIES is to go down to Weybridge to study his part in "Ivanhoe" with Sir Arthur Sullivan. Mr. Davies, I believe, will receive £20 per night for singing in this opera three nights weekly (£60 a week in all), with liberty, if he choose, to appear on four evenings weekly at a proportionate increase of remuneration, and as to the remaining nights, to accept concert engagements. This, I suspect, is almost as big a salary as has yet been paid to any English artist for the run of an opera by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

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THE *Ménestrel* is responsible for the following anecdote about Liszt, which, if not true, is at least well found. The master was sitting one evening in his sanctum in his dressing-gown in a studious mood, and awaiting the arrival of the divine afflatus. On the flat above, which was occupied by a banker, a *soirée musicale* of the noisiest description was in full swing. The keys of the piano, mercilessly maltreated by performers of the most pugilistic character, seemed to cry aloud in agony. Suddenly the door of the drawing-room opened, and Liszt, still clad in his dressing-gown, entered. The fashionable assemblage were startled by this strange apparition, but, overlooking his attire as an eccentricity of genius, all anxiously observed his movements. Liszt slowly advanced to the instrument, the young pianist who was seated there retiring

before the master, sat down before it, let his fingers stray over the keyboard as though he was about to improvise, then, suddenly shutting the lid, he put the key in his pocket, arose as tranquilly as he had entered, glided from the midst of the astonished guests, and returned to prosecute the labours of composition in his own room without further fear of interruption. From which one may gather that genius has its privileges as well as its penalties.

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Truth contradicts the announcement of a contemporary that the State concerts are much less select than the State balls, as it is "far more easy" to procure an invitation. This happens to be the reverse of the truth, for only nine hundred invitations are issued by the Lord Chamberlain for a State concert, while there are at least two thousand for a State ball.

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CONSIDERING that the proceedings at a State concert are supposed to be a sealed book to the outside world—save through the intermediary of the Court Newsman—it would be interesting to know who spread about the story that MM. Edouard de Reszké and Lassalle were invited by the Court officials to come to Buckingham Palace an hour before the recent concert in order to rehearse the trio from "Guillaume Tell" with Mr. Lloyd, but that, to the anger of the officials aforesaid, the two vocalists failed to put in an appearance until a quarter of an hour before the performance commenced.

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THE Queen, notwithstanding the alleged anger of the Court officials, manifestly delights to honour the "three brothers," as MM. J. and E. de Reszké and Lassalle are called, possibly owing to the fact that when on their travels they invariably reside together. Her Majesty "commanded" all three down to Windsor on Friday, together with the Australian soprano, Madame Melba Armstrong, and enjoyed a private concert on her own account. M. Jean de Reszké's solo seems to have bothered the Court Newsman, who described it simply as an "air," and declined to give himself away as to its authorship. The fact is that the Polish tenor took down two or three songs, but, by desire of the Empress Frederick, he ultimately sang the Preilied from "Die Meistersinger." The "air" in question was probably unfamiliar to the writer of the Court Circular, who, doubtless, never knew or had forgotten that thirty-five years ago, when Richard Wagner was one of the best abused of musicians, Her Majesty was one of the first to show him courtesy and kindness.

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WRITING in July 1885 to the Abbé Liszt, Wagner, though full of bitter complaints against the English in general, says in a correspondence only recently published:—

You have probably heard how charmingly Queen Victoria behaved to me. She attended the seventh Philharmonic Concert with Prince Albert, and as they wanted to hear something of mine, I had the "Tannhäuser" Overture repeated, which helped me to a little external *amende*. I really seem to have pleased the Queen. In a conversation I had with her by her desire, after the first part of the concert, she was so kind that I was really quite touched. These two Royalties were the first people in England who dared to speak in my favour, openly and undisguisedly.

♦ ♦ ♦

ONE of the most famous Stradivarius, known as the *Messiah*, has just changed hands for the sum of £3000. The purchaser was Mr. Robert

Crawford, of Edinburgh, a wealthy connoisseur. The instrument is dated 1716, and therefore was made at the height of its maker's career. In 1872 it was exhibited by its then proprietor, M. Vuillaume, at South Kensington. It is the only Stradivarius of that date which is to be found in a state of perfect preservation. In 1760 it was the property of the Comte Conio di Salabrie, a renowned Italian amateur. After his death, in 1824, it passed into the celebrated collection of Luigi Tarisio, who allowed no one to see it, keeping his treasure closely guarded till his death, in 1854. The next year, Tarisio's heirs sold his collection, and the elder Vuillaume bought the *Messiah*. Its remarkable state of preservation was a sufficient proof that for the 150 years of its existence no one had used it. Vuillaume, who would not part with his treasure at any price, left it to his son, Alard, the well-known violinist and possessor of one of the best collections. When the *Messiah* was exhibited at South Kensington, the expert, Charles Read, valued it at £600. Alard bequeathed it to his son-in-law, M. Crone, who sold it to its present owner, Mr. Crawford, who has given the highest price ever known.

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THE following humorous description of certain orchestral instruments appeared in a Southern journal many years ago:—"The oboe resembles a clarinet very much as a rake resembles a hoe; all the difference is at one end. The voice of the oboe is much like that of a man trying to whistle with his head under water. The orchestral composers use the oboe on account of its simple, honest quality, to express a countryman going to ask a banker to lend him \$200 until Henry Clay is elected. In Jacobini's beautiful creation, 'Sounds from the Kitchen,' you will remember the oboes are used to convey the remarks that pass between the cook and the grocer's boy, who had just brought home 2 gallons of golden syrup in a 1-gallon kerosene can, and *vice versa*. The candid astonishment of the cook confuses the soul of the listener, while the efforts of the grocer's boy to explain away the apparent discrepancy between the quantity of syrup and the size of the can are beautifully and touchingly conveyed. The bassoon is made of wood, and the complete instrument is probably worth \$8 a cord. It looks like a pump log, and is played by blowing into a silver stem that winds into the side of the tube. When the bassoon is not in use in the orchestra it can be utilized as a clothes-prop. It has two distinct properties of tone. In the upper and lower register it has a voice like a cow that has fallen into a pit, and in the middle register it sounds like a man with the croup shouting 'Fire' from a fourth-storey window. It is much used by composers for mournful, distracted effects, and, in the opera of 'La Sonnambula,' it is employed as the interpreter of a man calling down a dark alley for his lost dog. When the average man listens to the ravishing bassoon solo, in the slow movement in the concerto for piano and orchestra, it insensibly makes him think of a tall woman with her head tied up in an apron, and her mouth full of clothes-pins, trying to hang up a 14-foot sheet in a gale of wind. The flute is too familiar to require any detailed description. In the hands of the young man living in the next block, its expressive, wailing notes are vaguely suggestive of a dog trying to crawl through a fence that is too close for him, assisted by another dog of greater weight and more irritable temperament. The double bass is the largest of the violin tribe; it is also the worst. The man who plays it is usually fat and always bald."

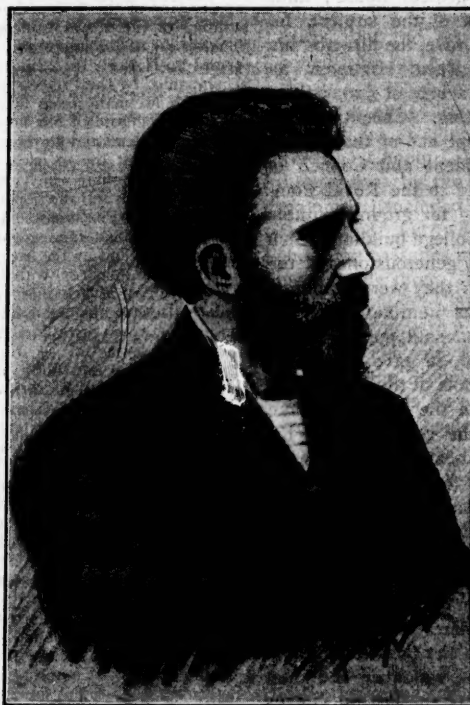
The Richter Concerts.

THE present flourishing condition of these concerts is a pleasant fact, and one which deserves a moment's consideration. Some people talk of the success, or of the failure of this or that undertaking, as if, to a great extent, it were a matter of chance. There are, of course, slices of good and of bad luck. The greatest pianist in the world, were he now to visit London, would find that he had selected a bad moment. Again, absence of competition may give even an artist of second-rate importance a good chance. But the Richter concerts owe the success, which they have justly acquired, to the facts that the programmes are interesting; that the perform-

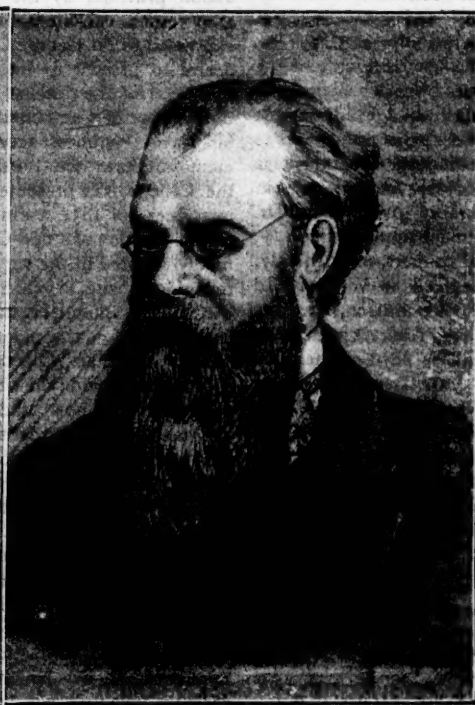
Richter) saw his advantage. In his scheme for 1880 the whole of Beethoven's Symphonies were given in chronological order, and since then some of the immortal nine are found in the programmes; and, we believe, every year without exception the Choral has been given. Again, from the commencement Wagner's name always occupied a prominent position in the scheme. By dint of repeating certain excerpts from his operas and music-dramas, such as the Introduction to the third act of "Die Meistersinger," the Vorspiel und Liebestod from "Tristan," or the Siegfried March from "Götterdämmerung," they have become familiar to the public, and, as is the case with all great art, familiarity has bred admiration. It was in this mutilated form that the Beethoven Symphonies were at first often given. Besides Beethoven and Wagner, Dr. Richter has performed works by all classical and modern composers of importance: Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Berlioz, Brahms, Raff, Dvorák, and others, have all been more or less

making of a good orchestra; but an *entente cordiale* between a conductor and his men, helps to secure that magic and sympathetic ensemble which is so marked a feature of the Richter orchestra.

The sixth concert, on 23rd June, opened with Brahms' "Tragic" Overture (Op. 81). The title of this fine work is an appropriate one, although it should be remembered that many overtures, such as the Leonore No. 3, or Schumann's "Genoveva," are truly tragic, though not so-called. The performance was an excellent one. The "Preislied," from "Die Meistersinger," sung by Mr. Lloyd; the love-duet from the first act of "Die Walküre," with Miss Anna Williams as Sieglinde and Mr. Lloyd as Siegmund; and the song of the Rhine daughters (represented by Misses Fillunger, Williams, and Lena Little) from the "Götterdämmerung"—these familiar Wagner excerpts were, on the whole, well rendered and well received. The programme included Rubinstein's ballet music from "Fera-mors" and Liszt's Symphony to Dante's "Divina



HERR E. SCHIEVER.



DR. RICHTER.

ances, for the most part, are excellent; that Dr. Richter, from the very first concert in 1879 down to the present, has spared neither time nor patience to present the various works in the best possible manner; and, last of all, but certainly not least, that Dr. Richter has practical knowledge of the orchestra, intimate acquaintance with the works produced, and wonderful powers as a conductor.

In the matter of selecting programmes the eminent musician has undoubtedly, from time to time, made mistakes. His novelties have not always proved attractive; his attempts to make known the compositions of Liszt have not always met with a hearty response; and the order of selection of works has not always been satisfactory. But these are minor matters compared with the judgment generally shown. Dr. Richter first came here in 1877 to superintend the Wagner concerts, and then his striking ability was fully acknowledged. In 1879 the performances of Beethoven's 3rd, 5th, and 7th Symphonies revealed the fact that he was as great a conductor of Beethoven's as of Wagner's music. Dr. Richter (then only Herr

represented—especially Brahms, who seems to be a special favourite. English music also has been encouraged, as the names of Drs. MacKenzie, Parry, Stanford, and of Mr. F. H. Cowen—all of whom have figured on Richter programmes—testify.

In the early days of the concerts Mr. Hermann Franke was leader of the orchestra, but since 1882 Herr E. Schiever has ably occupied that post. Mr. Carl Deichmann has been at the head of the second violins from the beginning. Mr. H. Krause has been principal tenor, Mr. C. Ould principal cellist since 1882. Mr. J. Haydn Waud has been principal of the double-basses since 1888; his predecessor was Mr. A. C. White. Of prominent wind players in the orchestra many have been connected with it from the commencement. It need scarcely be said that Dr. Richter is respected and loved by the members of the orchestra; he has stood by them in times of trouble, he never wastes time at rehearsals, and he makes every man, from highest to lowest, feel that he is noticed and looked after. Fine players, fine instruments are all very well, and go towards the

Commedia." Some years ago Dr. Richter performed Liszt's "Faust" Symphony, but even that work, although one of, if not the very best of that composer's orchestral compositions, did not "fetch" the public. The "Dante" is still more pretentious, and the success achieved appears to us in inverse ratio to the effort made. The Divine Comedy is a subject which the greatest composers would have hesitated to select. Wagner, in one of his letters to Liszt, says, "A *Divina Commedia* is it to be? That is a splendid idea, and I enjoy the music in anticipation." It was certainly a splendid idea on Wagner's part to enjoy the music "in anticipation," for he could think out the subject in his own way. Liszt's tone-poem is a clever failure, and we do not think that the reception given to it at this concert will induce Dr. Richter to announce it again. But, after all, we are rather glad that it was given. There are still musicians who speak of the Wagner-Liszt school; and if any such heard this work, they may perhaps be led to see that if these composers were one in aim, they certainly were not one in actual achievement.

On Monday, 30th June, the concert was given in conjunction with the Wagner Society, and the programme consisted entirely of works by the Bayreuth master. The lovers of Wagner's latest music-dramas may perhaps not care to be reminded by the Rienzi Overture of his starting-point; and they may even find the "Flying Dutchman" too early in manner; but, from an educational point of view, chronological programmes of this kind are of great interest. Miss Pauline Cramer, who sang "Elizabeth's Greeting," from "Tannhäuser," the closing scene from "Götterdämmerung," and, with Mr. Henschel, the closing scene from "Die Walküre," was in excellent voice, and displayed great dramatic fervour. Mr. Henschel delivered the "Farewell" with his accustomed pathos. He was also heard to advantage in Wolfram's song from the second act of "Tannhäuser." The rendering of the Vorspiel and Liebestod from "Tristan" was one of the finest ever given by Dr. Richter and his band.

At the eighth concert, on 7th July, Wagner was again largely represented: the "Faust" Overture, an orchestral Selection from the "Ring des Nibelungen," and a scene from "Die Meistersinger," admirably sung by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel. The special feature of the programme was, however, Dvorák's Symphony in G, produced last April at a Philharmonic concert under the composer's direction. It was then noticed in these columns. The music is clever, delightfully melodious, and abounds in beauties. It was admirably given under Dr. Richter's direction, and much applauded.

At the ninth and final concert, on 14th July, the programme was devoted to Wagner and Beethoven. After the Kaiser-Marsch, Mr. Max Heinrich first sang Pögners Address from "Die Meistersinger;" and then Mr. Lloyd was heard in Lohengrin's "Farewell." Mr. Heinrich followed with Sach's Address to Walther; and the closing chorus of the work was sung by the Richter Choir. This first part was highly appreciated. A splendid performance of the Choral Symphony, with Miss Fillunger, Miss Lena Little, Messrs. Lloyd and Heinrich, in the second part, brought the concert and the present season to a highly successful close.

A Princely Gift of £245,000.

LEEDES has the proud distinction of having given, through one of its industrious sons, no less a sum than £45,000 to aid the Royal College of Music.

The giver of this magnificent sum is Mr. Samson Fox, who has been the architect of his own fortune, and by his invention and manufacture of corrugated flues has amassed great wealth, and that, too, in very few years.

On Tuesday, 8th July, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales laid the foundation-stone of the new wing which Mr. Samson Fox is giving, or rather has given, for the cheque was sent to the Prince for the full amount over a year ago.

So far as music is concerned, a more generous or benevolent act is not on record in England, and there can be no doubt that the donor's name will be handed down to posterity by a grateful nation.

In characterizing this act, the Prince of Wales said the best thing in the best way:—

"I most sincerely hope that when this building is erected we shall have more room for pupils, and that in time to come it will be necessary to even still more extend the College. I am very grateful to Mr. Fox, because in the

course of an arduous life he has taken up and shown himself very anxious to promote one of the greatest boons to mankind—the learning of, and appreciation of music." (Cheers.)

His Royal Highness then laid the stone, under which were placed a number of papers, coins, etc., with the words, "I lay this stone in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

The following remarks of the giver may be quoted here with peculiar pleasure:—

Mr. Samson Fox said that he now requested the Prince of Wales to lay the first stone of the building, which it was his privilege and pleasure to provide for the College founded by his Royal Highness for the promotion of music in the United Kingdom. Anxious as he was to assist as best he could in the advancement of the cultivation of the musical art for the benefit of his countrymen, he believed that he could most effectually do so by furthering in some practical way the interests of the Royal College of Music. A yet closer acquaintance with the College showed him that its operations, successful as they were, were hampered by the very inadequate accommodation provided by the present house; and, after much consideration of the subject, he expressed to Sir George Grove, the director, his desire to present to his Royal Highness, as President of the College, a sum of £30,000 for the purpose of a new building. (Cheers.) After his Royal Highness' acceptance of that gift, a memorial from the President and Council of the College was presented to the Royal Commissioners of 1851, asking for ground suitable for the erection of a new College building, which finally resulted in the very generous offer of the magnificent site in which they were standing. Sir Arthur Blomfield was nominated as the architect, but as the plans could not be carried out for less than £45,000, it gave him much pleasure to provide the whole of the larger sum. (Cheers.) He now asked the Prince to take the first step towards the realization of his wishes, and to lay the foundation-stone of what he trusted might prove to be a home not unworthy of so important a national institution as the Royal College of Music. (Cheers.) It might not be uninteresting to his Royal Highness to know that the trowel which he handed for the ceremony was made from the metal of the corrugated boiler-flues of the troopship *Praetoria*; and, owing to her possessing those appliances to her boilers, which he had then recently invented, she was enabled to convey the 91st Highlanders to Durban for the Zulu war in 1879 with extraordinary speed. The boilers had now been broken up, after performing voyages of more than 600,000 miles. (Cheers.)

Mr. Fox read his address in a clear voice, and with distinct articulation. No doubt his experience as Mayor of Harrogate has given him considerable elocutionary powers. There was a large and brilliant company, including Lord Aberdare, Lord Charles Bruce, the Countess Spencer, the Earl of Lathom, Mr. and Mrs. Childers, Mr. J. Mitchell (President of the Institute of Mining Engineers), the Town Clerk and Corporation of Harrogate, Dr. Spark (organist to the Leeds Corporation), Sir G. Morrison (Town Clerk of Leeds), Mr. A. Ramsden, the officials of the Leeds Forge, Mr. G. Irwin, Dr. Hargreaves, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Lyon Playfair, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Sir George Grove (Principal of the College), Sir J. Stainer, Dr. Bridge (organist of Westminster Abbey), Professor Hubert Parry, Professor Villiers-Stanford, Lord Thring, Baron F. de Rothschild, Sir Saul Samuel, Mr. C. Morley, Sir S. Waterlow, Lady Millais, the Hon. Spencer Littleton, Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., Sir C. Hall, M.P., Sir J. W. Ellis, M.P., Mr. E. W. Hamilton, Mr. J. Barnby, and Mr. K. J. Pye. Her Royal High-

ness the Princess of Wales was presented on entering with a superb bouquet by Misses Ethel Sharpe and Maud Fletcher, two young ladies who were amongst the earliest pupils in the College. During the interval of waiting a selection of music was excellently played by Mr. Fox's Leeds Forge Band, and after the Royal Party had taken their seats on the dais, the College Orchestra, conducted by Professor Stanford, gave an exquisite rendering of Beethoven's Overture, "Die Weihe des Hauses" (The Consecration of the House), composed for the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre, in Vienna, sixty-eight years ago.

A few words should now be said in respect to Mr. Samson Fox's famous Leeds Forge Band, and this I venture to do by giving the letter I wrote to the London dailies the evening before the presentation:—

A POPULAR YORKSHIRE BAND IN LONDON.

To the Editor of the "Daily Chronicle."

SIR,—The splendid brass band of 25 performers belonging to the Leeds Forge Company, which has in severe and honest contests carried off valuable prizes for many years in the north of England, is now in London for the purpose of playing on the interesting occasion of the laying the first stone for the new building of the Royal College of Music to-morrow (Tuesday). This important function will be performed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who will be accompanied by the Princess and suite.

Having for many years taken a great personal interest in the efforts of our northern bandmasters and artisans to extend and foster a love of music, I trust you will permit me to make a few remarks on this very interesting affair, which is exciting considerable attention in Leeds and the populous towns of the north.

Mr. Samson Fox, assisted by his brother William, who is an excellent amateur musician, established the band in 1882, and by the liberality of the former provided the members (27) with new silver-plated instruments at a cost of £300, as well as a complete set of uniforms. After the band had begun to contest for the much-coveted prizes in 1884, and went on "from strength to strength," securing victory after victory, their coffers became filled, and they are now in a position to pay all their own expenses both for new music and travelling. Their total prizes gained up to date amount to no less than £920. They are all hard-working men, strong, healthy, Yorkshire lads, with lungs ready, if necessary, to fill one of their own gasometers, more or less. But it is their passion for and love of music, for its own sake, that I desire to specialize, and to draw the attention of my metropolitan confreres, numbers of whom are utterly unacquainted with the merits of this unique Yorkshire brass band. It is a great satisfaction for me to enjoy the privilege of being invited to be present at the ceremonial to-morrow, when the band will discourse a suitable programme of music for such an occasion. These Yorkshire musicians play the following instruments of the "Contesting Prototype" make of Besson & Co.:—E flat soprano, solo cornet, two first cornets, two first Reptano cornets, solo flugel horn, second flugel horn, second and third B flat cornets, solo tenor horn, second tenor horn, solo euphonium, second euphonium, solo trombone, second trombone, bass trombone, first E flat bombardon, single B flat bass, double B flat bass. The band is conducted by Mr. Alexander Owen. I may add that the whole party are comfortably located at the Holborn Viaduct Hotel.—I am, yours faithfully, WM. SPARK.

HOLBORN VIADUCT HOTEL, July 7.

To some of the nobility and dilettanti present at the stone-laying, I ventured to draw attention to the performers, and the state of their "brawny hands," and to ask for their respective opinions on their extraordinary powers of execution, and even delicacy of style and phrasing. Who will say after this that England is only "a nation of shopkeepers; and not an artistic community?"

If all the working men of the world were in touch and harmony like unto Samson Fox and his "hands," we should hear but little of "strikes" and disputes. It is a source of delight and gratification to those who regard music as a social, refining, and humanizing agent, to find that in at least one great centre of industry (the Leeds Forge) this desideratum has been accomplished. And so, good-bye! to the talented, hearty, generous, and jolly members of the Leeds Forge Band. WM. SPARK.

NEWTON PARK, LEEDS,
July, 1890.

Musical Life in London.

BEFORE writing about the Concerts, it will be well to notice the performance of Mendelssohn's Oratorio "St. Paul" at the Crystal Palace on June 21. The great success of the "Elijah" last year induced the directors to try a similar experiment with a work which has to some extent been neglected. The massive choruses, the solemn chorales, and the effective solos of "St. Paul" deservedly rank among the highest achievements of the master in the domain of sacred music; and there was every reason to suppose that a performance of the oratorio on festival scale would prove a brilliant success. And so it turned out. The large force under Mr. Manns' control included the London section of the Handel Festival Choir, 400 singers from Bristol, 500 boys from various London churches, and a large orchestra. The choir was one of surpassing excellence; the voices were fresh and of rich quality. We need not enter into detail; all the choral numbers were sung with great precision, and the effect was most impressive. The central transept is not the best of places for solos, but Madame Albani, Madame Patey, and Messrs. Lloyd and Watkin Mills sang in their best manner, and their performances were highly appreciated. Mr. Manns has on many occasions proved that he can ably guide festival forces, and this his latest effort was also one of his best. There was an immense audience, and no doubt the splendid result of the "Elijah" last and "St. Paul" this year, will suggest to the directors of the Crystal Palace the idea of a Mendelssohn Festival similar to those given in honour of the great Saxon composer.

The seventh and last Philharmonic Concert was held on Saturday afternoon, 28th June. The first part of the programme included Macfarren's "Chevy Chase" Overture, written over half a century ago, and Spohr's Ninth Violin Concerto, magnificently interpreted by M. Ysaye. The programme included Beethoven's Choral Symphony, but the orchestral numbers were not all that could be desired. The vocalists were Miss Fillunger, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys, and Mr. Frank Morton. They all did well, although in the quartet Miss Fillunger's intonation was faulty.

Señor Sarasate gave his third and last concert at St. James's Hall, on Saturday afternoon, 21st June. He played Dr. Mackenzie's "Pibroch," and of this work he has not only mastered the enormous technical difficulties, but has thoroughly grasped the spirit and meaning of the music. He was also heard in Max Bruch's clever though uninteresting Concerto in D minor, and in one of the favourite "Spanish Dances." He was received during the afternoon with the usual enthusiasm. The programme included the Italian Symphony, under Mr. Cusins' direction, and the conductor's overture, "Les Travailleurs de la mer."

Messrs. Ludwig and Whitehouse brought their attractive series of concerts at Princes' Hall to a close on 8th July. Dvorák's interesting Quintet in A (Op. 81), with Miss Fanny Davies at the pianoforte, was, on the whole, effectively rendered. Miss Davies gave an artistic rendering of Mendelssohn's Andante and Variations

in E flat, for which she was encored. Mr. Whitehouse was equally successful with Max Bruch's characteristic setting of the Hebrew melody "Kol Nidrei," and Mr. Ludwig obtained like honours for his "Spohr" solo. Mr. Plunket Greene sang songs by Brahms, Rubinstein, Haynes, and Stanford, with finish and refinement. The concert concluded with Beethoven's Quintet in C (Op. 29).

Pianoforte recitals are still running their course; of these we must be content to mention the principal. Madame Teresa Carreño gave her third concert on 17th June, at St. James's Hall. Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, the companion to the "Moonlight," is not one of the composer's inspired works: it was well rendered. Madame Carreño, however, was heard to better advantage in Schumann's difficult Toccata, and in his delicate "Vogel als Prophet." In Vogrich's "Staccato Caprice," and Kullak's Octave Study, the lady displayed wonderful technique, and in the latter, great power.

On 24th June, Mr. Sapelnikoff gave another concert. He played Beethoven's "Les Adieux" Sonata. The first movement left something to desire, but the rest of the work was interpreted with much feeling. The performance of Haydn's charming Variations in F minor was excellent, and other pieces worthy of special mention on account of the beautiful playing were the Chopin-Liszt "Chant Polonais" and three pieces by the concert-giver. The programme concluded with Liszt's "Concerto Pathétique" for two pianos; there are some charming passages in it, but the greater part is mere empty show. With Madame Menter and Mr. Sapelnikoff as interpreters it had, of course, full justice done to it.

On the following afternoon Mr. Schönberger recited at the Steinway Hall. Of this player's mastery of the key-board, of his fine touch, and generally excellent playing, we have often spoken. He was very successful in "Les Adieux" Sonata, and also in Schumann's Sonata in G minor. Haydn's "Scherzo" and "Perpetuum Mobile" were beautifully played, and the concert-giver was also much applauded for his own four "Miniatures."

Master Max Hambourgh, another child pianist, gave a recital at Princes' Hall on the 12th of July. He played Bach's Fantaisie Chromatique and Fugue with great *aplomb*, looking round at the audience during the performance, after the manner of Bülow or Pachmann. He also played Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 26), but in this he was not heard to equal advantage. His rendering of small pieces by Schumann and Chopin was pleasing. His performance of a difficult piece by Balakireff showed what wonderful technique he has. If he is not spoilt, he ought to become a "second Rubinstein." It seems a pity to bring him out now. His father is a professor at the Moscow Conservatoire, and the boy has only studied the pianoforte for two years and a half.

We regret that Mr. E. Attwood Evans' name was omitted as the author of the following poems which appeared in the June and July issues:—"My Heart and I," in June; "Remember Yet," and "Though we are Parted," in July.

* * *

OWING to the sudden illness of Mr. George H. Brierley the biographical sketch of Mr. Henry Leslie is unavoidably held over until next month.

STEINWAY & SONS, Pianoforte Makers, by special appointment to Her Majesty the Queen and Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.—ADV.

Music in New Zealand.

To the Editor of the "Magazine of Music."

DUNEDIN, April 2nd, 1890.

DEAR SIR,—Having noticed from time to time letters appearing in your journal from the sister cities of New Zealand, I thought your readers might have a wish to know how far musical matters had developed since Dunedin was first populated. I have been told that in the "Early Days" the first settlers had only one bagpipe between them, and as there was only one player they soon brought him to an early grave. However, time works wonders, and slowly but surely people brought to their adopted country a specimen of every instrument that had been invented, till as it stands now in Dunedin, you could obtain anything within reason in the way of music and musical instruments.

Touching briefly on a few events that have taken place in the month of March will give you an idea of the musical standard here.

On the 1st of March a Chamber Concert was given in Messrs. Charles Begg & Co.'s music saloon. I may state that this was first of a series intended to be given during the winter months. I have enclosed the *Otago Daily Times* account of the performance, as it will give you an idea of the success of the entertainment. On the 19th of March a brass band competition was held in the Exhibition Concert Hall—the judges, of course, not giving satisfaction. But the greatest musical event was "Santley in Elijah." It was then for the first time that Dunedinites had the opportunity of hearing the masterpiece of Mendelssohn rendered in a manner which would have graced a platform in any part of the world, the orchestra and chorus of 400 performers taking a very considerable section of the honours; the whole being conducted by Mr A. J. Lowsey.

At the invitation of Messrs. C. Begg & Co., a number of ladies and gentlemen attended a concert of vocal and instrumental music held in the pianoforte warehouse, Princes Street, on Saturday afternoon. The tone of the concert was, generally, heavy, the items being of a sombre or pathetic order; but an exception to this was the flute solo "Witches' Dance" (Bücher), by Mr. H. F. Moss, which was, without doubt, a splendidly played number. Abounding in difficulties, this solo was performed with the greatest dexterity, the numerous runs being taken with clearness and exactness. A trio for piano, flute, and cello, from Weber's "Der Freischütz," was played with a fair measure of success by Miss Derbyshire, Messrs. H. F. and R. R. Moss, though it was in parts taken rather slowly, and sounded somewhat tame. Of the other instrumental items the string trio, for violin, viola, and cello—Serenade, op. 8 (Beethoven)—played by Messrs. Bowman, Painter, and Moss, and the quartette for piano and strings (Mozart), performed by Miss Cameron and the before-mentioned gentlemen, were of rather excessive length, and though fairly interpreted, were apt to become a little wearisome. Mendelssohn's "Andante e Rondo Capriccioso" was played by Miss Lily Cameron as a pianoforte solo, and served to show that this young lady has made rapid advances in her profession. The original programme was supplemented by a cello solo by Mr. R. R. Moss, who played several *morceaux* while awaiting the arrival of other performers, who were late. Of the vocalists, Miss J. Knight sang "The Children's Home" (Cowen) with considerable pathos and expression. Miss B. Matheson's voice seems hardly of the timbre to do full justice to Rändegger's song, "Peacefully Slumber," but the lady acquitted herself creditably. Mr. Manson, who was the remaining vocalist, and whose strongest point is his distinct utterance, contributed Rodney's "Soldier's Dream." It may be worthy of note that, with the exception of this gentleman and Miss Derbyshire, who accompanied during the concert, the performers are all New Zealanders bred and born.

T. N. S.

"The greatest of all Pianofortes—the Steinway Pianofortes—London and New York."—ADV.

Our Musical Tour.

(BY THE ONE WHO WAS NOT
MUSICAL.)

—:o:—

CHAPTER IX.

OUR first day in Russia, or rather in St. Petersburg, we spent in our hotel looking out on to the Newsky, that famous promenade being covered over a foot deep with caked snow; for we were unable to go out for want of fur pelisses, having only brought tweed ulsters with us.

However, we enjoyed ourselves, for anything more brilliant than the spectacle about four in the afternoon would be hard to match. The electric lights were lit, and under their brilliant beams the snow glittered like diamonds. Up and down swept the sledges, with their fiery black Orloff horses with flowing manes and tails, and with jingling harness, and wide sheets of dark blue net to keep the snow from being thrown into the sledges by their flying feet. The ladies seemed all to be in blue, and dark red plush or velvet fur-lined cloaks, with splendid sable collars well drawn up about their throats, and small fur caps, so that altogether Peacocke and I just feasted our eyes on it all, till a little before dinner-time our furs came, and we had to try them on, and, after getting into our snow boots, of course, to admire one another.

Naturally, our first visit was to Rubinstein. Rubinstein is the Alpha and Omega of all musical life in St. Petersburg,—unless one takes into consideration a mad sect, full of the idea of founding a Russian school of music, of which more anon,—and after a long hunt we reached his quartier in the Troitsky Pereulok; but found that the composer was in the Conservatory; so thither we went.

It is always a delicate thing calling on composers, especially for two such wanderers as Peacocke and myself. Of course, Peacocke could own to having written a symphony, and I could own to being Peacocke's friend, but the situation has its difficulties; anyhow, Peacocke and I reached the conservatory, and asked for Rubinstein. We were brought into a hall, divested of our coats and goloshes, our hats and canes even—I noticed the natives stared at us for carrying these in winter, but even so I don't believe Peacocke and myself would recognise each other without these canes—and then we were conducted into a dark passage, and bade to wait outside a door, with green curtains covering the glass.

After a few minutes we were shown in, and Rubinstein, who looked really quite blind, stood up, and looked at us a little perplexed.

"How do you do, Mr. Rubinstein?" said Peacocke, with his wits about him as usual. "Here are some letters from London friends to you, introducing my friend Mr. Alexander and myself."

"Oh, won't you sit down?" said Rubinstein politely. "I am very glad to see you;" and then he plunged at once into questions. We were just beginning to feel the ice thaw, and I was studying the grand head of the pianist, looking with awe at the big hand playing with his cigarette-holder, as it lay on his writing-table, and noting every little detail of his attire, when a bell rang, and he jumped up. "Well," he said apologetically, "I must go; but to-night, if you can, I shall be happy to see you at dinner. You know the house,—so good-bye,—six o'clock sharp." And, without waiting further to hear our acceptance of his invitation, the composer

left us, and went somewhere upstairs to a classroom.

Peacocke and I got into our coats again; and at ten minutes before six, Rubinstein's servant Matne was relieving us of these, to Peacocke's and my delight.

Rubinstein was sitting reading the newspaper, the *Novoe Vremia*, as we came in, and smoking, and, fortunately for us, was alone.

He seemed to get quite interested about our tour, and as we continued our tale, one taking up where the other left off, he made some remarks that fairly took our breath away—at least mine, for nothing seemed to startle Peacocke from the time we left London.

"Bülow" Rubinstein called in unmistakable plain language a fool,—this is Rubinstein's favourite expression for every one that doesn't agree with him in anything—trifles, principles, or ideas, anything you will. I literally gasped. I was still very far from being competent to understand great men and their ways. A fool! Bülow! I didn't dare to say anything; but I had the satisfaction of thinking a lot, notwithstanding.

Peacocke, too, said nothing, but he gave a hum that Rubinstein took as an assent.

"And his pianoforte playing, Mr. Rubinstein?" I asked.

"Oh, well, I don't speak of Bülow as a pianoforte player," said the composer gravely. "Bülow is Bülow; he has his own individuality, and he is a great artist. I speak of him as a man."

I breathed a little more freely, and then I brought in my demigod Wagner.

We were at soup, and I shall never forget the grimace Rubinstein made as he clapped his hands to his head. "Wagner! oh, don't mention him! He has ruined Art, ruined the future of Art, by his absurdity."

I nearly choked, and Peacocke hummed louder than ever. Rubinstein turned to him sympathetically. "Yes," continued he, "the ruin of Art. Is it music, I ask, when a singer comes out on the stage with his photograph in the shape of a motive pinned on his breast?"

This was an anti-Wagnerite idea so novel that I laughed aloud, to Rubinstein's evident delight at my appreciation of his witticism.

"And Brahms?" I asked, after a pause.

"Oh!" said the great Russian pianist, with a shrug, as he stopped in the act of eating his mutton; "horrible; it is wearisome enough to make one bite one's tongue off."

"And Liszt?" asked Peacocke. Peacocke was a Lisztian madman, a regular admirer and supporter of Bach in London.

Here adjectives seemed to fail. "Liszt," said Rubinstein quickly—"Liszt is a comedian!"

Liszt, Bülow, Brahms, and Wagner! Here was Rubinstein pitching into all four; but neither Peacocke nor I made any remark. We held our tongues, instinctively feeling that this was the only course with Rubinstein.

However, all was not ended; but for that night we asked no more musical opinions from our host. Rubinstein gave us some of his cigarettes—perfect gems—that he gets from Turkey; and about eight o'clock some men arrived, and we sat down to cards, Rubinstein and I as partners.

I cannot describe my feelings; they were melancholy to the last degree that night, as Peacocke and I went home. What was the good result of our tour? We had come to find broader and nobler views in Art than were to our hand in London, and instead we were constantly finding with the very greatest musicians a narrow-mindedness in musical matters that was positively painful—each worshipping his own ideas and himself, and

deriding his fellow artists without a shadow of reason or justice in his derision.

To say the least, it was painful, and so naïve; one would imagine, no matter what one musician would think of another, he would have the decency to hide his ideas if unfavourable. I certainly was not musical, but I could understand the greatness of such giants as Wagner, Brahms, Liszt, and Bülow; and here was Rubinstein, who couldn't!

It puzzled me completely as I thought over it.

The following day Peacocke and I dined with a young Russian composer of undoubted talent, to whom we had had introductions from one of Liszt's pupils. Liszt, it may be remarked, believed in the future of the Russian school; and so fresh were the sayings of Rubinstein in my head, that I couldn't help remarking on them.

The young Russian laughed.

"Oh, Rubinstein is off his head; he's simply the most narrow-minded musician in Russia. Of course, he doesn't like Wagner, and Liszt, and Brahms, because he cannot write like them. It's the greatest misfortune possible such a man should be head of affairs here."

I looked at Peacocke, Peacocke looked at me; and we refrained from further comment.

"As for the way in which he sided with the enemies of Carl Darroff, his friend, it was simply shameful; and his treatment of Menter! Mon Dieu!"

I had heard Rubinstein spoken of as a god in Germany, and here in Russia—I gave the solution up. I couldn't understand it. Surely a prophet hath no honour in his own country!

The same evening we went to the opera—that is, the Russian opera—to hear a performance of Glinas' "Life for the Tsar."

It was our first pleasant surprise, and an altogether novel pleasure. Here was Russian music—beautiful music. A splendid orchestra, all composed of Russians, and then a Russians' chorus and Russian singers. These, however, were nothing very remarkable; but where nowadays does one find remarkable opera singers?

But our greatest pleasure was reserved for the following night, when we were invited to a game of cards with Rubinstein.

Peacocke and I put plenty of roubles into our pocket-books, for whoever played with Rubinstein was bound to lose, and about eight o'clock we set off.

There were some people there as we arrived; and Peacocke, who took a surreptitious peep, came over to me with a broad grin on his face.

"Who is there?" I asked, in a whisper.

"I don't know; but the women are hideous enough to give one the—"

At that moment out came Rubinstein, who playfully shook his head and finger at us, as he said good-humouredly,—

"I said eight o'clock, and here we are, all waiting on you, and it is nearly half-past."

"We lost our way," said Peacocke readily, and without a blush.

"Oh," said Rubinstein, very concerned, "you should always interrogate the policemen." Then he took us in, and introduced us to the ladies.

That evening Peacocke and I went off into sundry explosions of laughter, for these ladies were simply irresistible. None of them played cards, but the three of them sat around Rubinstein, and their manoeuvres were enough to make a cat laugh. There was a regular fight as to which of them would light Rubinstein's cigarette, and at diverse intervals one would lay her cheek affectionately on the composer's shoulder, another would kiss his long locks, a

third would lean over and kiss him on the forehead. Altogether, I supposed such scenes were never before acted in a civilized company.

At nine o'clock we had tea, of course, from the samovar; and the lady who presided over that instrument, despite his protestations, served Rubinstein first.

I noticed that the composer—as I thought from his blindness—only put a *souffçon* of cream in his tea, and I ventured to suggest more.

The ladies instantly turned threatening glances on me that said plainly how could I be so stupid, whilst Rubinstein told me that he only just colours his tea, not liking lemon.

After tea we had again cards; but Rubinstein lost so shockingly that he shortly after stopped playing in disgust, and took to walking up and down the salon. A special feature of this same salon was a splendid concert grand pianoforte.

The ladies not being exactly able to follow their god up and down the room, retired to a sofa. We kept on playing, and then, I don't know how it was, whispers and smiles amongst the ladies, and smiles and whispers; little, deprecating movements that would have been charming in a *debutante* of sixteen, followed, and finally one of them said, in an insinuating voice, "Mr. Rubinstein, the pianoforte is open; won't you let us hear you play?"

"What!" said Rubinstein, turning furiously round; but he was assailed on all sides, for, throwing down our cards, we all jumped up and surrounded the great composer-pianist.

To hear Rubinstein! My heart beat furiously at the very idea; and then, somehow, I don't exactly remember how, the unwilling lion was led to the pianoforte, and seated perforce.

He turned an angry if laughing glance on us—what was that to us?—and then commenced, without prelude of any kind, Beethoven's Sonata in E minor, Op. 90.

I listened to the wondrous magic of the great pianist's touch—to the world of feeling, of poetry, of pathos, he put into the music, and I felt, much as I had laughed over the ladies' embraces, that, man as I was, I could be almost as foolish.

It is simply impossible to describe his playing—that wonderful insight of his into the composer's meaning, that power which captivated us, as it has captivated thousands in every capital in Europe.

Every moment was an hour for us—we were entranced, spell-bound, stirless, wrapt in the music!

I had heard that sonata for the first time—at least, I had noticed it for the first time; but ever since, when alone, I go over it, note for note, as I heard the great pianist play it. I felt older, and sadder, and wiser after, and I forgave the great pianist all he might say about Wagner, Brahms, or Liszt. He was Rubinstein, the greatest living genius of the keyboard.

Peacocke was sitting behind Rubinstein as he played; and as he finished, Rubinstein turned around to him,—

"That is music, pure music, real music, not Wagner," he said; and for the moment I entered into the composer's feelings. I felt as he felt, and I understood that one who understood Beethoven as he did, and played him so, might well ignore Wagner; and how angry I felt with the young jackanapes Russian composer who had ascribed Rubinstein's dislike of Wagner to jealousy.

I confess it, I lost my head that night. I became one of Rubinstein's most abject slaves, ready to allow him any opinion, ready to forgive him for any.

I am ashamed now to write of my foolishness, to confess what I did; but since open confession is good for the soul, I will tell all on myself

and spare nothing; but all must remember I was quite mad that night.

Rubinstein played no more. We all stood up and offered our thanks; and then, as Rubinstein always goes to bed at eleven o'clock, and it was close on that hour, one by one the guests went, leaving Peacocke and myself alone.

I couldn't make out what was Peacocke's object in this; but he had an object, I knew, for in a stage whisper he bade me wait till the last.

Peacocke is a fellow who gets whatever he wants always; and, without either shame or hesitation, he said to the great pianist that he heard he played every Friday evening at the Conservatory for the benefit of the students, going *seriatim* through the entire literature of the pianoforte, and he hoped that Rubinstein would grant him and his friend permission to attend a few.

"But I don't understand, Mr. Peacocke," said Rubinstein quickly; "only music students can attend."

"I know, that is just it; if my friend and I were not music students I should never ask; but we have come expressly to the Continent to study music."

Rubinstein laughed. "Well, come if you like, but remember don't say I gave you permission. A whole lot of the Grand Dukes were around the other day begging places, and I had to refuse them, so be cautious."

"Never fear," said Peacocke, smiling, as he shook the composer's hand; "that is not difficult."

"And then," said Rubinstein, "come and dine with me to-morrow evening, and afterwards I will take you to the Conservatory."

At last we got into our furs, but the music of the bewitching sonata was in my ears. Peacocke went, and I stood alone with the composer.

I took his hand. "Mr. Rubinstein," I said nervously.

"Yes," said Rubinstein, as he looked at me kindly.

I mustered up courage, and threw all ideas of my own importance as one of the members of Her Majesty's Bar to the winds.

"Let me live with you," I said enthusiastically—"as anything, in any way; I could black your boots."

Rubinstein looked down at me very gravely a moment, then he smiled, and put his hands on my shoulder kindly.

"Mr. Alexander," he said humorously, "go home and sleep over that proposition; but remember, if you come and make it to me to-morrow, I'll accept it!" Then he pushed me gently outside the door, and closed it on me.

I regained Peacocke. We got into our sledge, and the night air quickly revived me.

The horses' feet threw the hard snow about us. It was brilliant moonlight, and I don't know how many degrees cold.

Everything after became a dream to me, heard only the sonata; but as I lay down to sleep I heaved a sigh, and thanked my stars Peacocke had not been there to hear my offer of blacking boots.

I knew Rubinstein would never divulge it—or, at least, I hoped so.

(To be continued.)

THE plans for the new Mozart Opera House to be erected at Salzburg have been drawn by the Vienna architects Fellner and Helmer, and they have been approved of. The theatre will be situated on a little hill in the immediate vicinity of the city. It is planned in Renaissance style, and will hold 1300 people.

By Bendemeer's Stream.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

MANY hundred years ago in a little village on the banks of the rose-bordered Bendemeer, dwelt a minstrel named Yusouf. So sweetly could he sing that none of the people had ever heard the like before. The old men fancied themselves young again as they listened to his song; the children followed him wherever he roamed, for he made them pipes of reeds, and taught them how to draw out the hidden music; and the maidens threw him wreaths of flowers, and glances that were sweeter still. But Yusouf let the flowers lie, and sent no glances back again. The rich men and noble who heard his song offered him money and jewels, houses and lands, if he would leave his native village, and become a captive singing-bird. But Yusouf turned a deaf ear to their tempting, and worked on in the rose-gardens. He was poor, but as he worked he sang, and felt himself rich. For the minstrel loved, and was beloved.

Every evening Yusouf sang a duet with the nightingale outside his lady's window, and every morning as he went to his work he joined in the carol of the lark. Now Sadi was the prettiest and sweetest girl in the village; but Karoun, her father, loved money, and would rather have seen his daughter the wife of a rich merchant than of a poor minstrel. But he could give her no dowry, and Yusouf asked for nothing but his bride herself, and thought himself the wealthiest of men when he had obtained the promise of her hand.

It was summer-time, and the land was green with the young rice and wheat, and the whole air heavy with the scent of the roses. Sadi was drying rose-leaves in the sun one morning, when the eyes of old Hassan, the richest man in the village, were cast upon her, and he felt that all his money and all his lands were as nothing to him if he could not obtain her for his wife. So he went to her father, and said,—

"Take such of my possessions as please you best, only give me your daughter for my wife."

And Karoun was tempted. So he sought out the minstrel, and said,—

"It is not for my daughter's happiness to marry so poor a man as you. I have promised her hand to another, who can clothe her in fine linen, silks, and embroideries. She will have slaves to wait on her, so that she need never stir hand or foot. She will live on honey and sweetmeats, and grow fat and beautiful as a Sultan's favourite."

Then Yusouf turned away his face, and asked—

"Can fine linen bind up a broken heart, or honey salve a wounded soul?"

But Karoun would not listen. He went home and commanded his daughter to keep her room till she became Hassan's bride, and never see or speak to the minstrel again. And Yusouf left his rose-trees untended, and wandered alone on the banks of the stream. He sang no more of love and happiness and summer-time. He pitched his song in a winter key, and sang of frost and snow, of broken hearts and lonely graves, of withered leaves and blighted hopes.

And as he sang, the skies grew dark, and the wind blew coldly from the north. Soon the air grew keen with frost, the roses turned black, and the shorn lambs nestled bleating against their dams for warmth. The people were in despair, for they saw misery and ruin

staring them in the face. Some said the end of the world was at hand, and others that it was the visitation of God. But at last a little boy, one whom Yusouf had taught to play the pipes, lisped out,—

"The minstrel is singing of winter, and wherever he goes, there the frost is sharpest and the sky blackest."

Now the people saw that this was true. So they came to Karoun, and said,—

"Give your daughter to the minstrel, as you promised, or there will be a famine in the land."

So Karoun went to Yusouf, and said,—

"Sing to us of summer again, and when you have undone all the mischief you have wrought, my daughter shall become your bride."

At these words Yusouf raised his head, his eyes grew bright, and in a moment a gleam of sunlight shone out from the lowering skies. Then he struck a chord upon his lute, and began to sing of spring. And as he sang, the air grew milder, the roses began to bud, and the green blades of corn appeared again above the earth. The minstrel changed his key and sang of summer, and as he sang, the roses bloomed, the corn grew heavy in the ear, and the fruit-trees bowed down beneath their golden burden.

When all the land was smiling once again, and the people busy in the fields and gardens, Yusouf went to Karoun, and said,—

"Now give me your daughter as you promised."

The old man smiled, as he answered,—

"Go, take her if you can. Yesterday she became Hassan's bride, and is now enjoying all the happiness that his riches and his love can give her."

When Yusouf heard this he said nothing, but went back to the nest gay with flowers, that he had prepared for his mate. He took his lute, and tried to sing, but with the first notes that he struck the strings jarred, and the only sound was a discord. The lute slipped from his fingers, and fell to the ground, where it lay broken in many pieces.

That night a fearful thunderstorm raged over all the land, many buildings being struck, and much cattle slain. The next morning the neighbours went to the minstrel's house, and entering, found him stretched dead on the ground, with his broken lute beside him. Some said he was killed by the lightning, and others that his heart was broken. But those who knew and loved him best, said,—

"He could sing no more, and the true minstrel cannot live without song."

The Music of the Streets.

NOWHERE is the music of the streets heard in such profusion and such variety, at its best and at its worst, as in a fashionable watering-place. To the sea-side go the invalids in search of health, the nervous sufferers in search of quiet, the over-worked men of business in search of rest; and thither, by some special law of aggravation, flock the street musicians, whose name is legion. If he who declares that the English are not a musical nation would take a lodging in any large watering-place, and occupy himself during one day in marking the varied *répertoire* to which he is treated, from early morning till late at eve, he would be compelled to admit that his assertion is at least only partly true. The English public must have music, for the supply can only

be created by the demand; but they are, apparently, more particular regarding the quantity than the quality of the article served up to them.

Let us take a day during the height of the season at that favourite sea-side resort, Brighton, and listen to the music of the streets as it is wafted to us through our open bow-window. The concert begins with the town band at breakfast-time, or, if we have no ambition to become healthy, wealthy, and wise, during our last and sweetest morning snooze. The town band is a decided improvement on the old German brass band, which it has been the means of almost driving out of existence. It is by no means always immaculate as regards time and tune, but the men play their light popular pieces with a certain amount of *verve*, and produce a very fair quality of tone. Before breakfast is over the town band has passed on, without having brought down any especially heavy curses on its head.

Infinitely worse is its successor, the mechanical street piano. A whole essay might be written on the subject of this instrument of torture. Its *répertoire* is usually of a more ambitious cast than that of the old barrel-organs, including, as it does, operatic fantasias, overtures, and gavottes. With what inexorable, inimitable perfection does it render each item in its programme; with what faultily faultless correctness does that iron hand execute the runs, trills, and roulades with which each piece is adorned; with what irritating complacency are the crisp final chords crashed out! It is easy to imagine the agony caused to the invalid and the nervous patient by the painstaking conscientiousness of this piano fiend, who gives its audience the dead bones of a composition, but destroys the soul. The machine is usually played, or rather worked, by a respectable Philistine, who has not even the merit of a picturesque appearance.

Far preferable, in our opinion, is the old, rickety, groaning barrel-organ. The artist who manipulates it is an Italian, who may possibly have some music in his soul. It is easy to see that he really feels himself to a certain extent responsible for the music he produces, and he is personally gratified when he creates a favourable impression. He has a real affection for the instrument which has been his companion through many a long year, over many a weary mile. He knows and slurs over the weak places in its mechanism; he grinds slowly and reverently during the performance of a sacred air; but when the turn for the galop comes he dashes into it with such intoxicating *entrain*, that he brings all the children in the neighbourhood to his side, and sets their feet hopping on the pavement. Benevolently he beams on them with eyes and teeth, though they are such very unprofitable customers. Perhaps he is reminded of the little brown-skinned *bambini* he has seen dancing under an Italian sky, with far more grace if not more heartiness than these blonde English children.

It is rather unusual now to see an organ-grinder with a monkey, and yet for many people a tiny caricature of the human race, dressed in scarlet jacket and feathered hat, dancing the same little step to every tune, possesses an irresistible fascination. A dirty-faced child, shuffling persistently by our side and whining for coppers, may perhaps be disregarded; but when we note the silent pleading of the monkey's outstretched paw, the grotesque pathos of his weird, pinched face, we find it difficult to harden our hearts and pass by on the other side. He is infinitely more interesting than his brethren at the Zoo or the menagerie—this poor little vagrant ape, who obtains scant protection, we are afraid, from the laws of his adopted country. In cold weather he is to be seen shivering at

draughty street corners, with the collar of his little military coat turned up over his ears, looking exactly like a copy in miniature of some chilly little retired Indian officer.

The afternoon hours at the sea-side are enlivened by nigger-minstrels. They make a good deal of noise, and are, no doubt, extremely funny if we could only hear what they say, but their witticisms are lost in the roll of passing vehicles, and only the tum-tum of the banjo, and the clack of the bones reach the attentive ear, mingled with fragments about the doings of "Mary Ann," and the "Good Young Man who Died." Just as we are preparing for a siesta during the hottest part of the afternoon, comes the *pifferare*, the maddening monotony of whose instrument, mingling with the song of the gnat and the blue-bottle, renders sleep out of the question.

Towards evening, as the traffic lessens, the vocalists begin to come forth. From an artistic point of view their performances are often superior to those of the instrumentalists, but they are also more distracting; for it is next to impossible not to listen to their rendering of the popular ballads of the day, every note of which we know so much too well. First we have the contralto, who does not think it necessary to provide herself with any accompaniment. She sings always at the same pitch in a powerful voice, with really fine sonorous chest-notes, but her high-notes are distressingly tinny, and she has an unfortunate preference for songs of a semi-sacred character.

With the dusk come those mysterious minstrels who pose, without much success, as aristocrats in disguise. Usually, like Viscount Hilton, they are instrumentalists, and promenade the streets in low-drawn wide-awakes, and mufflers over mouth and chin. There is one couple of "unfortunate noblemen," however, which consists of a tenor and a harpist, who accompanies the songs. The former possesses a high, genuine tenor voice, husky in the lower register, but sweet as honey in the middle and upper registers. In spite of some slight throatiness, he sings "The Maid of the Mill" with sufficient charm of voice and manner to draw us out on to the balcony, and to instil into our mind a vague desire that some wealthy philanthropist might be induced to give him a couple of years training in Italy. But a closer glance tells us that exposure, ably seconded by the public-house, have already begun to tell on our phenomenal tenor. He is obliged to refresh himself between each song, and his breath is far too short to allow of his ever bringing down the house with a prolonged high C. The harpist accompanies the songs in admirably sympathetic style, and when the performance is over, accompanies the singer in no less sympathetic fashion into the nearest tavern.

The next arrival, like the "Last Minstrel," is "infirm and old," though it is doubtful whether his "withered cheek and tresses grey" have ever known a better day. On a wretched out-of-tune fiddle he scrapes a few jerky notes, while he sings, in a husky shadow of a voice, fragments of hymns and old English ditties. He must know, as well as his listeners, that he ought to be indicted as a nuisance; but, poor old fellow, he cannot dig, to beg he is not allowed, and this semblance of an occupation may draw upon him the pitying notice of the passers-by.

After dark, almost at a serenading hour, comes a very ambitious performer. He has a cottage pianoforte on a trolley, drawn by an ancient horse. The instrument is lifted out, and placed on the pavement. Seating himself in front of it on what looks like a milking-stool, its owner sings to his own accompaniment, various "high-class" ballads. He possesses a rich mellow baritone

voice, his intonation is irreproachable, his rendering is sympathetic, except for the all too common baritone failing of forcing the upper notes. As he warbles "Queen of my Heart," and "Only once more," we cannot but reflect on the many far inferior singers we have heard warmly applauded at concerts, and marvel yet again at the eccentricities of fortune and of fate.

To this artist we feel that coppers would be an insult, so we wrap a silver coin in paper, and throw it down. The minstrel takes off his tall silk hat, and makes us an elegant bow. Then he favours us with another *morceau* from his extensive *répertoire*, and finally rumbles away with his horse and trolly to wake sweet echoes in a neighbouring street. By this time it is ten o'clock, and as, at the sea-side, people of all classes, even street musicians, seem to retire early to rest, quiet reigns until breakfast-time next morning.

Nikita.

NIKITA is having an almost phenomenal success on her summer tour. Her voice has increased marvellously, and the sentiment, feeling, and passion that she throws into her efforts are so perfect that she sways her audience at will.

All this improvement, her uncle, Mr. Le Roy, says, "is due solely to a close adherence to the Ten Commandments of Music, which she never fails to sing each morning."

Below is appended a list of the places Nikita will visit on the remainder of her tour, with the dates at which she will arrive:—

Kreuznach,	on July	28
Soden (Taunus),	" "	30
Aachen,	" August	1
Königsborn,	" "	3
Oeyenhausen,	" "	5
Norderney,	" "	7
Neundorf,	" "	12
Enis,	" "	17

Musicians in Council.

Dramatis Personæ.

DR. MORTON,	Pianist.
MRS. MORTON,	Violinist.
MISS SEATON,	Soprano.
MISS COLLINS,	Contralto.
MR. TREVOR,	Tenor.
MR. BOYNE,	Baritone.

DR. MORTON. It is really very plucky of us all to venture out on this pouring wet afternoon. But it certainly seems no use stopping at home to wait for fine weather.

Trevor. I rather enjoy going out in the rain, because I was never allowed to do so as a child, and therefore I still look upon it as a forbidden pleasure.

Mrs. Morton. I don't mind the rain a bit in itself, but it depresses me when it comes at this time of year. You see I was brought up in the country; and I can never forget the gloom on every face when the skies persistently weep during "haysel," or harvest-time. When I walk through the streets on a day like this, instead of seeing the shops and omnibuses, I have a vision of dripping fields, with the clover turning black on the cock, and the meadow hay lying in long sodden swathes. I think of the poor cart-horses who will have to work for many a long month on food out of which all the strength and nourishment has been washed, and

I see the labourers hanging about their cottages, or slinking off to the public-house, sulky and miserable in their enforced idleness. Poor things! their lives are not over-cheerful at the best of times, and they have forgotten how to sing anything but hymns.

Boyne. And they play the concertina—quite enough to account for pronounced melancholy. But is it not curious how the country people must have changed in character since Elizabethan times? If we may believe the writers of that day, the "clowns," plough-boys, and dairy-maids were always joking, whistling, and singing.

Dr. M. Yes; and singing in parts, too. I fancy we have the Puritans to thank for the change in the national character. The poor people still have an idea that must have lingered from Puritanical times, that it is positively wrong to sing secular songs, even of the most innocent type. No wonder they have seized so eagerly upon the Moody and Sankey and Salvation Army hymns. These give them the opportunity of singing the most secular tunes to what they imagine to be sacred words.

Trevor. After all, *à propos* of the gaiety of the people in Elizabethan times, I don't think it is possible to rely on the picture given us by the dramatists of that period. Their clowns were intended to be extremely funny; but were they any more true to life than the comic countrymen of our own modern farces? I should imagine that they had even less occasion to be comic in those days than they have now.

Dr. M. I am not so sure of that. I should think people were both happier and more musical before the invention of Board Schools and the Tonic Sol-fa system. But now to business. I see I have several waltzes here. I suppose waltzes are such paying things when really successful, and so comparatively easy to write, that every man who can string a few bars together, tries his hand on one. Here is a specimen called "Agnestian," by Thomas Keir Murray (5 Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row). It ought to be called "His First Waltz," for I am convinced that Master Keir Murray is an infant prodigy, who has written a waltz upon the themes of his first finger-exercises. His parents, delighted at so much promise in one so young, have had it published at their own expense. "The Surge Waltz," by Andrew Longmuir (Methven, Simpson, & Co., Edinburgh), shows a more experienced hand. The melody is in imitation of what is conventionally supposed to be the sound of surge. There is a marvellous seascape on the cover. "La Creole," by Florence Fare (Cocks & Co., London), is hardly up to that lady's usual tuneless level. Lastly, I have an agreeable, though not very characteristic, "Minuetto," by Anton Dvorák (Ducci & Co., London).

Miss Seaton. I have a song called "Beside the Sands," by P. de la Faye (Beare & Son, London), of which the text, melody, and accompaniment can only be described by the one word "commonplace." "Away, far Away," by Edith Marriott (Marriott & Williams, London), is an unpretentious little composition, with an accompaniment of the "rippling brook" order. It is adapted for a high soprano voice. "Come May with all thy flowers," by J. T. Gardner (Marriott & Williams), is a fairly successful setting of Sir Thomas Moore's pretty lines. Its attractions are heightened by an obligato accompaniment for flute or violin.

Trevor. I have got "such a funny song," as Mr. Penley would say, called "As I laye a-thynkyng," being the last lines of Thomas Ingoldsby, set by Edward Elgar (Beare & Son). The words are quaint, and intended for

an imitation of old English, though with, surely, a more than old English redundancy of "e's" and "y's." The music is sufficiently expressive. "Who is this so weak and helpless" is a sacred song by J. H. Stammers (J. Smith & Son, Liverpool). The words, by the Bishop of Wakefield, are good, and the music is above the average, by which I mean that it is not exactly of the same class as the ordinary drawing-room ballad. The song has a violin accompaniment.

Miss Collins. One never knows when to sing sacred songs. They don't seem appropriate either to a drawing-room or a concert platform, and one has no opportunity of singing them in church.

Mrs. M. I have three easy duets for violin and pianoforte, by Edward Elgar (Beare & Son), called "Virellai," "Une Idylle," and "Allegretto." The first two are the most attractive. The "Allegretto" is written on a theme of five notes. I have also No. 1 of "The Artist's Series of Easy and Attractive Duets for Violin and Pianoforte," by Michael Rice (Beare & Son). I should say that this series is more suitable to amateurs than artists, if I may judge from the one specimen I have seen. "Elementary Instructions and Studies for the Violin," by Thomas Haines (Beare & Son), seems to be a useful publication. Mr. Haines does not claim that his book will teach the whole art of violin-playing without a master. It is merely intended as an introduction to more elaborate instruction books, and as a help to the amateur, who, unlike the budding professional, is not under the constant supervision of a master.

Boyne. Of course I have the inevitable song. This one is called "The Captain of the Life-boat," by Louis Diehl (Morley & Co., London). It is extremely simple, both as regards words and music; but I see from the title-page that it has been sung with "immense success" by Signor Foli, and other well-known singers. "The Forester," by H. Elliott Lath (Marriott & Williams), is a spirited baritone song, which, if well sung, would probably make an effect. Of "O'er the Strait," by Louis Diehl (Cocks & Co.), I might say, like the man in "A Pair of Spectacles," "I know that song; I've heard that song before." There is one unique point about the "poem," however. The lover kisses his young woman upon her "waking lips." The term is rather too expressive of the first morning yawn, isn't it? "The Ranchman's Bridal Song," by E. Barron (J. Blockley, London) is an admirable title, and makes one expect something extremely dashing and original. But, alas! the ranchman is in a distressingly tame and commonplace vein on this his bridal day.

Miss C. "An Evening Melody," by Joseph Barnby (Morley & Co.), is a pretty contralto song of what might be called the twilight order. The old materials of a minster, an organ, and a hymn are served up again in a form that will certainly not lessen their popularity. "Woman's Way," by Roeckel (Cocks & Co.), is meant to be extremely funny, but only succeeds in being horribly depressing. I cannot understand how any one can condescend to write such rubbish. "Old Friends," by J. T. Gardner (Marriott & Williams), will be welcomed by every "contralto profundo," as it affords such excellent opportunities of showing off the low A's and B's. As a composition, it is only raised above mediocrity by a pretty 'cello obligato. "Once," by Arthur Hervey (Ascherberg & Co., London), is a bright and taking little song, rather above the average of drawing-room ballads. "The Sea of Life," by Frank Moir (Cocks & Co.), is a not ineffective song in this composer's favourite semi-sacred style.

Rubinstein's Reading of Bach.

CHAPTER XI.

THE Fantasia Chromatica Rubinstein plays as no other can. And this piece has almost invariably had a place on the programmes of his concerts, so that one may consider he has been studying it his entire artistic lifetime.

Bach has written nothing finer or more effective for the pianoforte; and the pianist who interprets or would interpret it must be no charlatan; for to play it one needs not only a hand specially gifted by nature for pianoforte playing, but also a necessary routine of study, an equality and strength of finger, a trained touch, a clearness and brilliance in stroke, an absolute command of nuance and velocity, along with what is pre-eminently necessary for all Bach playing, an understanding for part-playing, and, what is not less rare, an ability for it.

The Fantasia Chromatica requires from the player breadth and finish, and from first to last severe application. That it is worth all these the player will soon discover; but it is well worth while to have Forkel's opinion, which is as follows, a part only of which I give:—

"Sonderbar ist es dass diese so ausserordentlich kunstreiche Arbeit auch auf den allerungünstigsten Zuhörer Eindruck macht wenn sie nur vigend reinlich vorgetragen wird."

In another place he says:—

"Diese Fantasi ist einzig und hat nie ihres Gleichen gehabt."

Few will disagree with Forkel as to this latter; and if, as he tells us, it makes an impression "wenn sie nur vigend reinlich vorgetragen wird," what is the impression one can make who plays it not only clearly, but after going through a certain school or technique drill, with fingers equal to the task.

The Fantasia opens *allegro impetuoso*, the first bar being phrased in two—



The first three notes of this bar Rubinstein, by way of more distinctness, plays a shade, in fact less than a shade, slower. The second bar is phrased and played exactly as the first, both being *forte*.

In the Peters' edition the entire bar is taken in one phrase, the sign < being instead of > at the latter part; but Bülow and Rubinstein agree in their reading as I have given it first; bars three and four all play alike; whilst bars five and six Rubinstein and Bülow phrase as follows:—

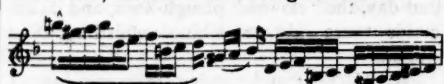


* Through an oversight, this Prelude and Fugue was omitted from the June Number.

At bar seven the quavers in the left hand are played as Bülow describes it, *sempre un poco tenuto*, and the semiquavers in the treble, as Rubinstein gives them, are perfect miracles of bell-like clearness in their tone.

From this on till bar fourteen the same phrasing is used, the first beat being phrased in one, also the second beat the same, three and four being taken in one.

Bars fifteen and sixteen are phrased as at bar seven; bar seventeen being as follows:—



Bar eighteen in beats of two, and bar nineteen, which is complicated, as below:—



At bar twenty Bülow and Rubinstein play the shake on G sharp, not on A, but commencing on A.

Bars twenty-one and twenty-two are played in one phrase, with a *crescendo* and *decrescendo*.

Bar twenty-three is played in phrases of two beats, a *crescendo* and *decrescendo* being in both phrases.

Bar twenty-four as bar ten.

Bar twenty-seven Rubinstein plays as follows:—



From this on he plays the arpeggio chords 28, 29, and 30 as the latter half of bar twenty-seven.

The reading he uses at bar thirty is as follows:—



First part of thirty-three has also a difference, which I give—



Bars thirty-four to forty-one are all played as bar twenty-eight, and following at bar forty-two he uses *piano* and *rallentando*.

The latter half of bar forty-three he plays in the following manner:—



Bars forty-four, forty-five, forty-six, and forty-seven are all as bar twenty-eight.

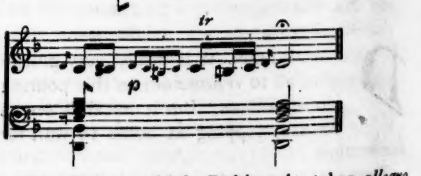
Bar forty-eight has the following difference in Rubinstein's interpretation:—



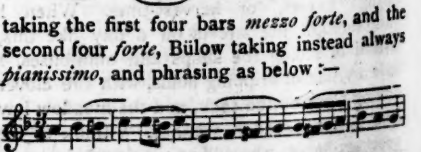
Bar fifty-three during the latter half he takes *un poco più mosso e più forte*; the latter half of bar fifty-four *pianissimo*, and *lento*. After the arpeggio chord in bar fifty-five, which he takes *pianissimo*, he takes the run *forte* and *allegro*; the arpeggios in bar fifty-six he takes *presto*; the quavers, *dolce* and *adagio*; bar fifty-seven is *più mosso*; bar fifty-eight is *andantino* till the last run, which is *presto*; and bar fifty-nine is *presto* the first half, and *presto staccato* the second half.

From this on the reading is less complex, but the last run in bars sixty-nine and seventy-one is taken *presto*.

Bars seventy-five till the close, which is *piano*, he takes as follow:—



The Fugue, which Rubinstein takes *allegro moderato*, and Bülow *poco allegro e tranquillo*, Rubinstein phrases as follows:—



Throughout the entire Fugue the above phrasings are rigidly adhered to by both masters, especially that of the figure in bar eight; this rule explains the playing of the entire.

At the close Bülow and Rubinstein both use octaves in the bass at the third and fourth bars from the end, closing double *forte*, and with studied breadth and vigour.

The Prelude in D minor of the first book is one of those written by Bach in a gay humour, and must be played, as Rubinstein reads it, with lightness brilliance, ease, and grace. The bass Rubinstein plays *staccato*, the treble very *legato* till bar fifteen; the text shows from itself how this should be played. The *staccato* bass then continues till bar twenty-three, care being taken that those notes in the bass which are not quavers are held for their right value.

Rubinstein closes very *pianissimo*, giving the different parts full prominence.

The Fugue happens to be one of the easiest and the least difficult to be understood.

Rubinstein takes it *moderato*, phrasing as follows:—



playing *mezzo forte*, and all through most *legato* and quietly, and with a singing touch.

The close he takes *piano* and a little *rallentando*, the soprano and bass D's singing out above the piano accompaniment of double thirds.

The Tierce de Picardie at the close should be clearly given. ALEX. M'ARTHUR.

THE END.

Album of Ten Songs.

MUSIC BY FRANCIS GIBSON.

PATERSON & SONS, EDINBURGH & LONDON.

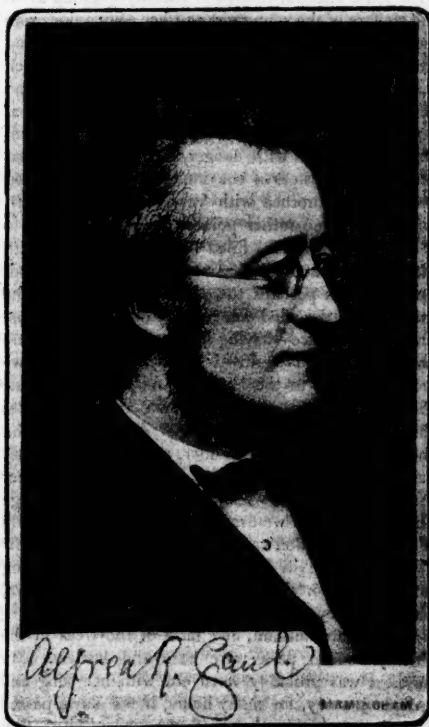
It is with no little pleasure that we recognise the earnest artistic feeling and the endeavour to give it adequate expression which is shown from time to time by the younger composers who venture to come before the public with something more refined than a waltz refrain song, more cultured than a royalty ballad. The path which the great "Art Song" writers have indicated is narrow, comparison therein with them is inevitable, absolute failure is easy. All the more should we give those artists our encouragement who are brave enough and earnest enough to strive after such a lofty goal along so difficult a way. Unstinted praise is not to be given to Mr. Gibson's songs, but in this his first collection there is evidence enough of talent, originality, and culture to make us give the little volume a hearty welcome and our best wishes. The best numbers are "A Lark's Lyric," and "Awake, the Starry Midnight Hour," both of which can also be purchased separately. The graceful accompaniment to the first, its delicate modulations, and its successful reflection of the words fully entitle it to a name which promises so much. The second has the disadvantage of rivalry with Signor Piatti's setting of the same words, but it need not fear the ordeal. Its one fault is that the music to the three verses is identical, and thus the very charm of the oft-repeated *motif* becomes rather monotonous. A little variation in the second verse would probably have added immensely to the artistic effect of the song. In spite of this the serenade is sure to win great favour among

tenor singers who give it a trial. The "Sea King" is a vigorous song for baritone, of a more conventional kind, which the unconventionalities of harmonies and accompaniment rather emphasize than hide. Some of the other numbers are rather studies in song-writing than songs,—interesting enough certainly but rather immature to be considered worthy of a place beside the first two. An album is not an album, however, unless it contain the mystic number, and so we give the volume, as we said, a hearty welcome, and wish it good luck.

F. S. P.

Mr. Alfred Gaul.

OUR readers in the provinces, and especially in the Midlands, will be pleased to see a portrait and sketch of Mr. Gaul in the Magazine. London is not England, as some say Paris is France; and while the metropolitan musical public are taken up with the great stars, and musicians and artists of Continental renown, native talent has much



appreciation in the country and the colonies, where Mr. Gaul's works are very widely known and highly valued. Mr. Gaul is a practical musician; and, long used to the training of voices, he has learned to estimate the capabilities and the tastes of amateurs. His first work, "Ruth," was written for the Sunday School Union Choir, and sung by them. The "Holy City" and the "Passion Service" are the compositions by which he is best known. They are thoroughly characteristic of him, being deeply devotional and very melodious. He says: "I don't believe in learned ugliness. A great deal of modern music is work, but it is not inspiration." There is no doubt that his popularity is in a great measure due to his being easy of comprehension. His music is not awkward or "cornery." He wishes to be lucid, rather than to puzzle by his learning, and sacrifice beauty to an originality which is in many cases mere eccentricity. It is only to the mighty masters that we can pardon obscurity, and with them

it is not done for display or with wilful caprice.

Mr. Gaul was born at Norwich, April 30, 1837. His father and sister were musical, and the Cathedral services were the boy's delight. At nine years of age he entered the Cathedral choir, where he remained, as singer and organist pupil, till he was twenty-two. He had a first-rate master, Dr. Buck, who gave his boys a training sound and thorough in its minutest details. At twenty-two, Mr. Gaul went to Birmingham, obtained pupils by degrees, and studied composition. He graduated for Mus. Bac. at Cambridge, under Sterndale Bennett, like himself, a disciple of Mendelssohn. In 1869 he became organist at St. Augustine's Church, which was just built, and has remained there ever since. Mr. Gaul is a very hard-working and successful choirmaster, and has exercised much influence on Birmingham Church music. He also teaches harmony at the Midland Institute and King Edward's High School for Girls; he trains the choir and teaches the organ at the Blind Asylum, and has conducted a number of choral societies in various Birmingham districts. Mr. Gaul is firmly settled at Birmingham, and has declined to leave St. Augustine's, though twice invited to be organist at Norwich Cathedral, and once at Madras Cathedral. His personality is greatly esteemed in Birmingham; in his home and in public he is happy, useful, and beloved. The present writer met him first in the midst of his choir boys, on Sunday morning, crossing the fields from his house to St. Augustine's. He rehearses his boys in a room at the bottom of his garden. "I do not like practices in church," he says. "The church is the place for worship, and the boys are all the more reverent during service if their associations with the church are unmixt. So the boys stand at the desks which run along each side of the room. I sit at the harmonium, and we work away." Mr. Gaul takes a living interest in his pupils, and is always ready to do any kindly deed. As a Birmingham paper says, "The success of his compositions has given him a national reputation, yet in heart and manner he is still the same—simple, modest, earnest, and cordial." A new cantata, "The Ten Virgins," is nearly completed. M. S. W.

Stanzas for Music.

A FRAGMENT.

I dreamt; and lo! your queenly face,
So full of love and stately grace,
Was o'er me bending;
Your voice, so tender, soft, and low,
Like Music's sweetest strain did flow
In melody unending.

And then your lips to mine were pressed;
I felt myself beloved, caressed!
All else forsaking—
The sweet dream past, the hours dragged long,
Till morning dawned with glad birds' song
And earth's awaking.

—E. ATTWOOD EVANS.

A COLLECTION of ancient examples of "Passion-music" are about to be published by a German firm. The settings, which are thirty-four in number, include specimens by Jacobus Obrecht (end of 15th century), Gallicus (1538), Orlando Lassus, S. Vittoria, Heinrich Schütz, and many other famous composers.

A Harp Recital.

BY MRS. WARRENNE BLAKE.

PART I.—1787.

I AM a hundred years old more or less, "*sans compter les mois de nourrice*," as our neighbours over the water spitefully remark of people who try to conceal their exact age. Do you think it strange that I should understand French? Not at all; it is quite natural, considering that Paris is my birthplace, and Cousineau my maker. It was owing to a curious combination of events that I ever left my native land for your foggy, smoky England, where the weather, being never two days alike, suits neither my strings nor my temper, I can tell you!

Though it happened long before your day, I suppose you have heard of the great French Revolution? It had not actually broken out when my mistress and I left Paris, but it was approaching nearer and nearer, and we could hear ominous rumours of its coming, just as you can hear in the distance the thunder that precedes a terrific storm. Young as she was, my mistress, Mademoiselle de St. Valéry, was not much frightened. Perhaps this was partly because youth is naturally hopeful and confiding, and she did not see the danger or believe in it. But I think another reason was that she was just then weighed down by a heavy sorrow. Her mother, whom she dearly loved, had died only a few weeks ago of a lingering illness, and as she had lost her father when she was a baby, and had nobody left but old Madame Le Breton, who had been her mother's companion, and stayed on to take care of her, life really seemed for the present to poor Dorothea a very sad and altered thing. She grew pale and white and listless, and took very little interest in anything, —not even in *me*,—and I was quite relieved and delighted when one day a handsome young man in riding boots, curled wig, and travelling gear appeared unexpectedly on the scene, and announced himself as her cousin, George Seton, come at his mother's urgent request to escort her safe to their home in England, before matters in France grew from bad to worse, and it became no longer possible to leave the country.

Dorothea was surprised, though she had too much good breeding to show it outwardly. She had heard of this English aunt, Lady Seton, her dead mother's only sister, whose miniature, set round with brilliants, had been one of the last things asked for by the dying Comtesse. The idea of leaving France so hurriedly was not unpleasant to her; on the contrary, her poor heart longed to be with those of her own kith and kin, who, strangers as they were at present, would most likely be good and kind to her. She listened quietly and docilely enough, nodding her pretty powdered head, that contrasted so piquantly with her dark eyes and well-marked eyebrows, to express acquiescence in the details of the scheme this unknown cousin was unfolding.

"Delays are dangerous," remarked the young man somewhat tritely; "in these unsettled times more especially. With your consent I will therefore see your notary to-morrow, and make what arrangements seem most desirable with regard to securing the safety of your furniture and other effects. It will then be necessary to secure your passport and that of madame your friend, who will, I presume, accompany you."

He had a good head for business, though he spoke in a somewhat formal, cut-and-dried manner, and Dorothea, I have no doubt, thought him rather pompous. However, she could not help feeling a certain amount of confidence in him, and he showed that he deserved it by making all necessary arrangements for our journey in an incredibly short space of time.

"I must take my harp," was the one stipulation made by my mistress. "It was my mother's last present. She drove herself to the *attelier* to choose it, only eight days before she was taken ill. Why, even our dear Queen (whom Heaven bless!) deigned to play a little gavotte upon it that Madame Cléry had taught her, one day that she came to see us, not so very long ago."

"Did she play well?" asked Sir George, with some curiosity.

"For a queen—yes, not so badly," replied Dorothea quaintly; and then they both laughed, and felt as if all of a sudden they had grown to know each other better.

"Then you will take the harp?" she continued, with a wistful look at me and a soft, caressing hand sweeping lightly over my strings.

Of course she had her own way as usual, for what man could resist her? Amidst a great bustle of packing and confusion, I was laid in a strong deal case, secured with many tight screws and fastenings, and lifted with the rest of the luggage on to the roof of Mademoiselle de St. Valéry's carriage, in which she and her old companion were to travel under the names of Madame and Mademoiselle Dubois, Sir George Seton riding as escort beside them over the rough and lonely roads leading to the coast, where they were to embark for England.

I believe that when the actual departure took place, my poor little mistress was much overcome. "I know how poor Marie Stuart must have felt," she observed. "Adieu, charmant pays de France!" "Courage," whispered her cousin, with a kindly glance. "It is a long lane that hath no turning. Some day, maybe, you may come back once more; and in the meanwhile, my cousin, we will indeed try to make you happy."

Dorothea stole a side look at him, and already began to feel a little comforted. Every now and then throughout the long and tiresome journey—so I heard afterwards—he would come up to the window with some cheerful remark or friendly question as to the welfare of the young girl and her companion, who were soon stiff and sore from long sitting and jolting over uneven and ill-kept roads. It must have been quite a relief when it became time to stop and change horses at the various stages; but once—at Amiens, I think it was—even this trifling excitement was not unmingled with danger, for the sour, unpleasant-looking hostess of the inn at which we halted scrutinized Dorothea with very suspicious glances, and made some rather pointed speeches relative to "aristocrats" which filled the whole party with alarm. Then at Boulogne we took ship for England, and this was perhaps the most trying part of the journey, for the wind was high and dead against us, and once or twice—having heard that such things do happen now and again—I did wonder whether we were all going to the bottom. As for my mistress, she had a brave heart of her own, and was besides that a fair sailor, but poor Madame Le Breton thought herself at death's door, and, groaning aloud, called on every saint in the calendar to come to her assistance. At last we all landed in safety, carriage and all, and then we drove on and on, in a northerly direction as I afterwards heard, till we reached Sir George's home in N-shire, a large and rambling house, built for the most part in Elizabethan days, and known by the name of Grantley Castle.

It was late autumn, and most of the trees in the thickly-wooded park were bare and leafless. My mistress was probably worn out with her long and tedious journey, for many hours, if not days, passed away before I was released from my captivity. But at last I was unpacked and lifted from my case by two tall footmen, and with much interest and curiosity I looked around, and observed my new surroundings.

I found myself in a long low room on the ground floor, panelled with oak, varied by tapestry hangings of dim and faded hues. It was called the Ladies' Parlour, and the green stretch of turf on to which its windows opened went by the name of the Pleasaunce. It faced the south, sloping gently upward, and was hemmed in by a belt of trees, so the gravel walk that ran round it was warm and sheltered even in winter, and it was a favourite spot with every one.

I thought of the white and gold prettiness that we had left behind us, and the furniture of the Ladies' Parlour seemed heavy and sombre by comparison; there were no gay silken brocades nor painted ceilings; the floor was polished, it is true, but covered for the most part by a Turkey carpet. Everything else was dark in colour, and looked as though it were made to last for centuries. A bureau or secretaire with many drawers fitted with shining brass handles stood in one corner. Near one window was an embroidery frame, on which was stretched an elabor-

ate but unfinished piece of work. Various chairs of quaint designs stood primly ranged against the walls. Near the wide and open fireplace, in which some huge logs were cheerily blazing, was a tall settee of carved oak with a cushion of crimson velvet. By far the handsomest thing in the room was a harpsichord that stood at the farther end, its case exquisitely inlaid with ivory.

A few family portraits of ancestors and ancestresses long dead and buried hung on the walls, but the picture of greatest historical importance was that of Queen Mary, presented by herself to the Setons of that day, as a staunch Catholic family who had never wavered in their allegiance either to Holy Church or to herself, the Queen who upheld its tenets with such grim fidelity. Nay, she had even on one occasion honoured Grantley Castle with a visit, and the tower hard by is built on the very slopes on which a stag was slain by her own royal hand in the chase wherein Her Majesty took part, and is known by the name of Queen Mary's Tower even to this day.

It was pleasant, indeed, to see how my sweet mistress smiled at me, as if I seemed to her a dear familiar friend in the midst of many strangers. She looked happier than when I saw her last, and most likely the change of air and scene had already done her good. She was dressed as usual in a flowing black dress, slightly open at the throat, and a clear muslin kerchief was arranged in dainty folds over her graceful shoulders.

"All is well, dear aunt," said she in her pretty foreign English—it was her mother's native tongue, so they had often spoken it together. "Yes, sounding board—neck—pillar—not a scratch or a dent is there anywhere. I am vastly obliged to my cousin for his kind care of what is so very dear to me."

The tall stately lady who stood beside her—Sir George Seton's mother evidently—replied in an affectionate though somewhat formal way that she was sure her son, as well as all the family, would gladly do anything that lay in their power to make Dorothea happy. People were certainly less demonstrative in these days than they have since become, and there was far less *rapprochement* between young people and their elders. Neither Dorothea nor her cousins, for instance, ever thought of entering or leaving Lady Seton's presence without a curtsy at the door. But though manners and customs alter, I suppose human hearts, like voices and faces, remain from generation to generation pretty much the same; and I am sure that Lady Seton's, at any rate, yearned over the new-comer, her godchild and namesake, and her dead sister's only child.

Old Madame Le Breton was comfortably established in a high-backed chair near the fire, so Dorothea had plenty of leisure to tune my strings, as well as to make friends with Barbara and Phyllis, the unknown cousins who had welcomed her warmly, in their different ways. Both were apparently older than herself, and my mistress was perhaps unusually childish for her eighteen years, but when left to themselves they chattered merrily enough, and seemed to have many tastes and ideas in common.

In Dorothea's own unhappy country and mine, as the winter went by, things seemed to grow more and more serious and disquieting. There were rumours of barricaded streets and confiscated lands, of fierce strife and reckless bloodshed, of crowned heads in close captivity and gravest peril. My mistress shuddered and grew pale when these stories reached her ears, but it is always hard to realize what happens at a distance, and her aunt and cousins did their best to prevent her mind from dwelling on what was so sad and painful. In the secluded home she had found so unexpectedly, all was peace and tranquil, sheltering love. The days as they went by were so much alike that there was very little to mark their flight. Daily mass and benediction were said in the little chapel belonging to the castle by good Father Jerome, the priest whom they all loved and revered; then there were sick and sorrowful village folk to be relieved and comforted, besides which Phyllis had her embroidery frame, and Barbara her housewifely avocations in still-room, linen and china closets, while my mistress devoted most of her spare time to me, practising assiduously, and making wonderful progress in a very little while. Sir George was

generally on duty with his regiment, then quartered at Windsor, but he came home as often as he could; and then of an evening, the card-table would be brought out, the massive silver candlesticks placed upon it, and Father Jerome would join in the game with as much interest as any of the party. As for my mistress, she hated cards, she would say with a pout when invited to join, and preferred sitting close beside me and singing little soft ditties, which I fear sorely hindered the attention of one of the players at any rate. A harp, no doubt, is supposed to be blind and deaf, but one must have been utterly stupid as well, not to have some idea how matters were going. Perhaps it was love at first sight with him; anyhow it was plain that he felt the sweet, innocent charms of my mistress past resisting, and day after day became more and more enslaved by them.

And she? Oh, with her it was quite different; she was one of those people who never seem very much in earnest about anything, but more or less as if they are acting a sort of play. You must remember, too, that for a French girl, fresh from her convent, as was Dorothea, it would have been an act of forwardness, bordering on boldness, to display any definite sign of preference for a young man, however eligible, until matters were finally arranged amongst parents' and guardians, and the marriage contract actually signed and sealed. I am sure that in her secret heart she liked her cousin very much, and it was impossible not to appreciate the devotion of so frank, honest, and gallant a young gentleman. And when Christmas Eve came, and was kept with much festivity in the servants' hall, it was a goodly sight to see these two lead the country dances together, up the middle and down again, while the old blind fiddler from the village played his best; and I heard many an old crone whisper to another that they were made for each other and would make a handsome couple. Very lovely did my mistress look that night, her eyes and cheeks brilliant with excitement, and her powdered hair adding several inches to her height. It had been a fancy of hers to leave off mourning for that one evening, and she wore a stiff brocaded petticoat, and over it a sacque of apricot-coloured satin, little high-heeled shoes to match, and round her slender neck a string of the famous St. Valéry pearls fastened with a diamond clasp. The merrymaking began soon after dark, and went on for many hours; there was a huge mistletoe bough hung up, under which the village lads saluted the lasses amid much laughing and protesting. There was a bountiful supper, and afterwards a great bowl of punch, from which many a health was drunk; and for the young folks there was blindman's buff and snapdragon, at which they burnt their fingers, and only laughed the more for it. A genial host was Sir George, with a word and a smile for every one, and it was no wonder his mother's eyes glistened with pride and satisfaction at his evident popularity amongst his tenants.

How strange to think of the years and years that have gone by since that night; turning every one of that merry company to dust and ashes, and yet leaving me, and the old walls, and the solid, ancient furniture very much the same! It almost seems as though we speechless, helpless things had a sort of life of our own, destined to last the longest.

After that night, I think Sir George Seton's visits to the castle became more frequent than ever, and often I saw him looking very wistfully into Dorothea's unconscious face, as if trying to read the answer to a question he had not courage yet to ask. The days lengthened and brightened, and from my own particular window in the Ladies' Parlour I could see the early spring flowers begin to bloom, as the long dreary winter passed away, and one by one they came out to greet the glad sunshine, which does everybody good.

"Come and sit by me, Phyllis," said Dorothea one lovely April morning. "I have just had this new song sent me by an unknown friend, and the words are all strange to me. Come and tell me how to say them, for indeed I do not know."

"Who wrote the song?" asked Miss Phyllis, laying aside her book—it was called *Evelina*, and had made some stir in London—and coming with some curiosity to look over my mistress's shoulder, as she sat tuning me.

"Doctor Arne!" she continued. "Then, sure, it

must have been my brother who sent it, for I well remember the last time he was here how warmly he praised that gentleman's music. It cannot, however, be very new, for I believe he has been dead these ten years or longer."

"It is new to me, however," said my mistress; and, now that I was in tune to her satisfaction, she took a deep breath and sang very sweetly and correctly,—

*"When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight!
The cuckoo then"—*

"And pray what may a cuckoo be?" asked she, breaking off suddenly and interrupting herself, which was a pity.

"A little brown bird," replied Phyllis, laughing merrily, "whose voice may be heard any day now, for he always comes in the spring-time, to tell maids how soon they shall be married."

"But I do not care to know," said my mistress with much dignity, and went on straightway,—

*"with note of glee,
Merrily tunes, and thus sings he:
Cuckoo! cuckoo!
Thy merry note doth comfort bring!"*

"That is as people think," put in Phyllis, with a certain dry humour that was especially her own.

*"When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles pair, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer frocks,
The cuckoo then with note of glee"—*

"Why, brother!" exclaimed Phyllis in much astonishment, as a tall soldierly figure entered the room. "I thought you were at least a hundred and thirty miles from here!"

"And is that your only welcome," he returned jestingly, speaking to his sister apparently, but looking in another direction all the while, "to a man who has been jolted all night in a wretched stage-coach, and come on to his own home without having so much as broke his fast? Cousin, I trust I see you well. Have you not a word of welcome for me?"

"I am right well, and you are always welcome here," replied Dorothea demurely, and not a whit discomposed. Phyllis had slipped away, either to order refreshment for her brother, or else to inform her mother of his arrival.

"I fear that, were I not, you would be too kind to say so," he went on, leaning one elbow against the marqueterie bureau and gazing intently at her bewitching little face. "Ah, Dorothea, you little know the pangs those bright eyes of yours have caused me!"

"I can shut them, if you wish," replied she merrily, suiting the action to the word. Compliments of this sort were very usual in those days, and did not by any means embarrass her.

"Nay, nay," he went on in a different tone; "let us not trifle any longer, but be serious, sweet cousin, I beseech you. I have great news for you, and little time to tell it in. Will you not leave your singing for a while and walk with me once round the Pleasaunce?"

"But see how wet it is!" said she; and indeed, since his arrival, the sky had clouded over and a gentle rain was falling.

"April showers," he returned, smiling; "the sun will shine out again before I have fetched you your hood and patters;" and so it proved.

"Will you not take my arm?" he asked, and thus they sallied forth together, she holding up her long skirts daintily with her other hand.

He must have been very, very much in love, must he not? to have forgotten all about his breakfast. I am afraid a young gentleman of the present day would hardly have been so indifferent to his creature comforts.

Outside in the pleasant sunshine the birds were playing hide-and-seek amongst the young wet leaves, or industriously building their nests with an eye to housekeeping. Towards the sky, which was almost as blue as the grass was green, a happy little lark

went up, up, singing his heaven-taught song to the clouds and breezes as he rose higher and higher. In the meadow beyond, weak and tottering lambs were calling aloud to their mothers, bewildered by the strange novelty of their surroundings; and many a lively white-tailed rabbit was galloping home to its burrow. Spring had come back in its ever-wonderful freshness and joyfulness, to put a new face on this poor old time-worn world.

"It is just like a verse of the song I was singing," said Dorothea musingly, as she heard what must be the cuckoo's note faintly in the distance, and saw the turf at her feet covered with daisies.

To my exceeding regret, I could only catch broken fragments of their talk, as they moved away presently almost out of earshot.

"Ireland is a long way off!" I heard my mistress observe regretfully, as they came round my way again.

"It is indeed," agreed Sir George; and added craftily, "And for that very reason, sweet cousin, it is hard for me to have to be banished thither all alone!"

Putting two and two together, it was impossible not to see that matters were fast coming to a crisis, but for me there came another breathless interval of waiting.

"Your life under this roof," went on Sir George presently, "has, I trust, been calm and peaceful. What wonder that you dread the wild and unsettled country to which my duty calls me? I would shield you from all danger with my life if need be, and yet my very love for you makes me too self-seeking."

There was not much hope in his face as he turned it in my direction. Though some people might say I had no heart, I did feel sincerely sorry for him, as he stood waiting for his answer.

"The fact is, I cannot decide myself!" cried my mistress naively, after a moment's reflection, and a rosy colour spread itself over her downcast face.

There is a battered old sundial in one corner of the Pleasaunce, and to this he led her straightway, bidding her stop and read the motto.

"*Tempus fugit*," said she, looking surprised; "well, and what of that?"

He caught her little tender hand, and held it tight imprisoned within his own, as he answered,—

"When I read that motto, Dorothea, it makes me think of you and me, and of those who lived and died here long before we were born. They may have loved as I have loved you,—ay, just as dearly,—and felt as though their love must last for ever and a day; but where are they now? dead and perished and forgotten. Ah, life is so short at the longest! not one happy day can we spare. It is folly indeed to waste months and years in waiting and delay, when the present is all we can call our own. Does not death's cruel hand come all too quickly to sever the closest and holiest ties?"

Dorothea looked at him kindly enough with her innocent childlike eyes; but if she loved him as he did her, she had at any rate not yet found it out.

"What would you have me do?" she asked rather piteously. "I do not wish to say either yes or no. It is all so sudden and strange. If only Ireland were not such a great way off! You have taken me all unawares, so to speak. May I not have a little time to reflect before I answer?"

"Nay, sweet Dorothea," said her cousin, smiling, but not very cheerfully, "what a question! Wait as long as you like; present or absent, my whole life is yours. If I have spoken too hastily, you will, I know, forgive me, and not think harsh thoughts of me when the sea rolls between us. And now, farewell, and may God bless and keep you till we meet again."

He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it with a chivalrous devotion that ought to have touched any woman's heart, I thought, but perhaps Dorothea was hardly old enough to appreciate it. There are so many things to which people are blind in early youth, and when their eyes open at last, it is too late. "Si jeunesse savait—si vieillesse pouvait:" so says an old French proverb that has much truth in it.

That very evening Sir George went away again, for he had many preparations to make before sailing with his regiment for Ireland, whither it was ordered without delay. Dull and gloomy indeed did the castle seem at first without his frequent visits to

enliven it. I do not know why it is, but a household composed entirely of women folk is somehow a dreary and tedious thing.

If Lady Seton wondered somewhat at this sudden arrival and departure, she was a wise and discreet lady, and asked no questions that I ever heard of. To Dorothea she was if possible kinder than before, and so life went on harmoniously and peacefully at Grantley, and the days seemed to pass all the quicker, because there happened to be so very little to mark their flight.

One sad event took place during the summer; poor old Madame Le Breton died, after a lingering illness. My mistress wept for her, but not inconsolably. I think that, without being aware of it, her thoughts were all in the future, and looking forward to the long, long happy life which seemed to be her certain destiny.

It was rather less than a year since Sir George's departure, when one evening the sound of horses' hoofs was heard in the quadrangle. My mistress had been singing some old French songs to herself in the Ladies' Parlour, and to me, who was her only listener, it seemed that her voice had never sounded so fresh or so joyous. She struck a last chord, and then stopped suddenly to hearken, clapping both hands over my strings to stop the vibration. At that moment the door was thrown open, and in came Sir George once more, booted and spurred, and travel-stained indeed; but his voice and face brimful of exultant gladness.

"Well, cousin, I am home again!" he cried, coming close up to her with all his honest heart in his eyes.

"So I see," replied my mistress saucily, and trying hard not to let him see how pleased she was, but her bright eyes grew brighter in spite of herself, and a glad little dimple appeared on each cheek, telling its own happy story.

"Am I come too soon?" went on her cousin, with a laugh, and taking both her hands in his. "Must I give you another year in which to think the matter over? Ah, Dorothea, your face is more eloquent than your tongue! It gives me courage to offer what I have brought for your acceptance. I shall be a proud man indeed, sweetheart, if you will wear it for my unworthy sake."

It was a half hoop of pearls, which are unlucky things, some people say, but I do not think they proved so in the present instance. So it was all settled, as it were, in a moment, and my mistress's consent given silently, but irrevocably; the rose tint in her soft cheek waxing deeper, as she allowed her cousin to slip on her betrothal ring. It was no wonder that one of my soundest strings gave way with a noise that made them exclaim and start asunder; so mighty was the strain upon my sympathy!

At the end of that very month did good Father Jerome tie the knot that made them man and wife, and give them the Church's blessing. There were merrymaking and rejoicing on every side, and universal satisfaction, and thus it came to pass that my mistress was no longer Mademoiselle de St. Valéry, a penniless emigrant, but Dame Dorothea Seton of Grantley Castle.

Sir George had left the army then, or did so directly after his marriage, and henceforth remained at home, looking to the improvement of his estate and the welfare of his tenants. It was about this time that the great artist Romney stayed at the Castle, in order to paint that full-length portrait of my mistress, which still hangs over the mantelpiece in the Ladies' Parlour, let into the panelling in some mysterious fashion. You can see that I also am included in the picture,—for which Sir George paid down fifty golden guineas,—and that her ladyship wore on that occasion the very same dress of apricot-coloured satin in which she appeared on a certain Christmas Eve, as I have already told you, and the identical string of pearls about her slender throat. Not even her wedding dress became her so well, as her husband often fondly told her. Yes, there she sits in the prime and pride of her fresh young beauty, and I know too well that, even if I were to last another hundred years, never again shall I have such another mistress.

The young couple went on a short visit to London soon afterwards, and I was not much surprised to

hear Sir George tell his mother, with some pride, on their return, that among all the fair ladies at the drawing-room there was not one to be named in the same breath as his Dorothea. My mistress's head was evidently not turned in the least, for she laughed at this as a very good joke; and in her turn entertained the elder Lady Seton with the liveliest account of all the sights she had seen during this her first visit to London, and the famous people she had met,—Sir Joshua Reynolds, far advanced in years and very deaf, but still delightful; witty Miss Burney, whose acquaintance Sir George had made in bygone days at Windsor; excellent Mrs. Hannah More; and many others. She had also seen Mrs. Siddons as "Rosalind," and had been much struck with her beauty and talent; but, on the whole, what seemed to have pleased her best was the grand procession of the 23rd of April, when the King, in company with the Queen and all the Princesses, had gone in state to St. Paul's Cathedral, to return thanks for his recovery from long and grievous illness.

After this break in her quiet life, my mistress settled down again to her home duties, and, under Barbara's tuition, became the briskest and busiest of housewives. She would not hear of her mother-in-law's seeking another home, as she occasionally proposed to do, saucily declaring that in that large house she would be lost with only Sir George for company. Singing and laughing, she came and went, her face growing brighter and prettier every day; and I am sure that her husband never left a wish of hers ungratified if he could help it. Some foolish people I have heard of do not value their happiness till it is gone for ever, and then make a great outcry and bemoaning over what they can never recall, but that was not the case with Sir George and Lady Seton.

But perfect happiness, whether it be appreciated or not, does not seem to be a plant well suited to bear the rough blasts of this world's variable climate. I have heard good men say there is a better country than this,—though a long way off,—and that there its tender bloom will flourish unchecked and unfadingly for those who can reach it. For the sake of those who have loved and suffered in this life, let us hope indeed that it is so!

One day early in February—how well I remember it!—Sir George went off as gaily as usual on his chestnut mare, to join the meet a few miles off. My mistress stood blowing him kisses from the window near which I was placed, and just before he vanished out of her sight I saw him turn his head once more to wave her a loving adieu.

Not many hours after, he was brought home crushed and unconscious, and I heard some of the men say that in jumping a fence his hunter had fallen and rolled over his rider. He was carried into the Ladies' Parlour, as being the nearest at hand, and laid on a couch, where I could see him distinctly. How altered he was already! how helpless! how ghastly! Surely those old walls round me had never seen a more piteous sight.

Bad news, they say, travels quickly. Whilst they were all consulting as to how to break it to my mistress, she had come noiselessly into the room, in her soft, gliding way, and, without word or sign to any one else, she had gone straight to her husband, and sunk down on her knees by the side of his couch.

Hitherto nothing had been able to revive him, but now he opened his dim eyes, though with an effort, and smiled feebly as they fell on her face.

"Do not grieve—I suffer no pain," said he, stroking the hand that lay near his own.

Dorothea buried her face in the cushions to try and stifle her sobs, but evidently it was very, very hard work.

"*Tempus fugit*," he went on thoughtfully. "Ah, sweetheart, I was right, you see; we had not much time to waste! It seems hard to go just when life is so pleasant, but still we have had many a happy day together—my Dorothea—God's best gift!"

The last words were uttered so faintly, it was difficult to hear them. Then the room was quite quiet, except for Father Jerome's voice, that shook with emotion as he recited the prayers for the dying. My mistress seemed like one in a dream, when at last they gently told her all was over. She stooped down and kissed her husband's forehead, then walked

from the room quite firmly and collectedly, with her dark eyes dry and tearless, though every one around was weeping. This extraordinary calmness never forsook her, though I heard Lady Seton remark to one of her daughters that it was not a good sign, and made her very anxious. There was something far more pathetic and heroic about her mute sorrow than there could have been about the noisiest and most outspoken lamentations, but of course it was not natural, and sooner or later the strain must tell upon her health.

Then followed some dull, sad weeks; no music, no laughing voices any more.

Though apparently she neither ate nor slept, nobody could say that my mistress was idle. During the greater part of the day she sat before the old marqueterie bureau I have mentioned already, sorting letters, arranging papers which related to her husband's affairs and her own, and holding long conversations with Mr. Johnson, the family lawyer, who often seemed amazed at her clear head and intelligence in business matters. All this time my mistress wore the same calm and serene countenance; there was even a sort of ghost of a smile upon it every now and then.

"Indeed I would cry if it would make you all happier," I heard her remark one day. "But I seem to have no time for anything;—*Tempus fugit*," she added in a lower, tenderer tone; "and there are so very many things to do."

Phyllis, who was with her, made some loving reply, begging her to take care of her own health, and she only answered,—

"I know it makes no difference, and some day I hope you will be all glad for me, and not sorry. When a poor animal is very badly hurt, what is the first thing kind-hearted people say? 'Better put it out of its pain.' My pain is too deep down to talk about, but still it is always there. But we have had the best end of life, he and I, though there has not been much of it. Just look at my ring, Phyllis; my finger must have 'shrunk,' as the poor folks say, for it used to be tight enough, and now it keeps slipping off every moment. I think that, just for safety, I will put it away, for I should not like to lose it."

It was the half-hoop of pearls that had been her betrothal ring. She looked at it fondly for a minute, then, as if moved by some odd and sudden impulse, she wrote a few words hastily on a scrap of paper, and laid them with the ring in a tiny square box of carved ivory.

"Perhaps one day another foolish girl may find this and learn a useful lesson," she said softly, and, touching a spring, she opened a secret drawer concealed in a recess of the bureau, and in it she placed the box and its contents.

"It will be quite safe there for the next hundred years," she observed lightly, little thinking how nearly her words were fated to be realized.

In a little while the spring sunshine was flooding the room once more: the daisies and violets blooming outside in the Pleasaunce, and the birds singing their old joyous songs. My mistress had borne everything else bravely, but old memories now swept back upon her with a crushing force that there was no resisting. One day, Phyllis, coming in suddenly, found her with her poor head lying forlornly on her two crossed arms as she sat at the bureau, her whole frame shaken with a passionate storm of sobs.

"Oh, it is too hard, too hard!" she murmured. "I have tried, but my strength seems all gone. I can bear it no longer! Why can't I die?"

With many tender caresses Phyllis put her arm round her to lead her away. She was pale as death, exhausted by the violence of her long-pent grief. Before she left the room—alas! for ever—she came up to me, laying her soft wet cheek against my strings for the last time, and drawing me close to her heaving breast. "Good-bye, dear old harp!" she said in the tenderest whisper, and looked lovingly back at me once more ere the door closed between us.

Nobody ever tells me anything; I am left to pick up what news I can by scraps and fragments. A few days afterwards, Phyllis and Barbara, with tear-stained faces, stood by superintending the two old servants who were replacing me in the packing-case in which I had come from France.

Were we to go on another journey, I wondered?

Or had my beloved mistress started without me for that country I have spoken of, where everything is peace and happiness, and all tears are wiped away? "You will take great care not to harm it," said Phyllis in a quivering voice; "my sister loved it so very dearly!"

"Let us hope that the young Sir George may be spared to us," said the old grey-headed butler sorrowfully; "his life has indeed been dearly bought."

Ah me! so that was the end of it all. They lifted and carried me—who was nothing but helpless, useless lumber now—up many twisting stairs, till we reached the attic which has been my solitary home these ninety years and longer. One by one my strings gave way; my gilding—once so handsome—grew dim and tarnished. But what did it all matter? There was nobody left to care!

(To be continued.)

Better from Liverpool.

LIVERPOOL, July 1890.

DEAREST ALICE,—I am writing to you, not because I have anything to say, but because I promised you should have a letter once a month, and as four weeks have elapsed since my last epistle, I must keep my word, even if I have to draw largely upon my imagination in order to supply you with my regular complement of chat.

For any one who is not an enthusiast of tennis, cricket, or the manifold varieties of hitting and catching a ball, so dear to the youth of Great Britain, July and August are, of all the months, the most wearying in Liverpool. Of music there is absolutely none. Of noises plenty. Brass bands, barrel-organs, hurdy-gurdies, and kindred demoniacal inventions all contribute towards making the day hideous, while the ambitious musicians of sundry volunteer regiments, armed with the sanction of our otherwise humane city councillors, occupy the various bandstands in our parks at eventide, and invoke the wrath of the gods with sounds of horrible discord, "filling the air with barbarous dissonance." Nothing but the thought of my fast-approaching holiday sustains me under these severe trials. We hope to leave here early in August for a few weeks' trip abroad. Most probably we shall, among other places, visit Weimar, where Stavenhagen has promised us some treats in the way of opera. One is always sure in that artistic little town of hearing the newest and the best that musical talent has produced.

By the bye, speaking of new music, I was deeply interested the other day in hearing a trio for piano, violin, and 'cello, which, although composed some years ago, was at least new to me. I mean a trio by Friedrich Smetana, Dvorák's teacher. Notwithstanding that I am well acquainted with most of the chamber music written by this famous pupil of Smetana, I had never heard any of the master's compositions. The work bears a strong impress of the composer's nationality. The Bohemian artist is pre-eminently Bohemian in the expression of his art, and the weird, eccentric, unrestful music of the gipsy tribes finds an admirable exponent in this musician. There is always something peculiarly pathetic to me in the wild wailing and plaintive melody which characterizes the true "Zigeuner" music. One feels that it is the outcome of the gipsies' mode of life, and the predominance of the minor key gives evidence of the mournful, or morbid—I know not which is the more correct term—strain of their thoughts. In the national music of a country one can generally detect the influences which have held sway over the life of its people. In the same way that language by its multifarious variety of form and expression betrays the hygone history of nations, so does the distinctive music of a race or tribe reveal the vicissitudes of fortune through which it has passed. And now, after this little flight into the philosophy of music and language, I must return once more to the lower level of ordinary epistolary matter, which is better adapted, isn't it, dear? to your mental capacity. I

hear, from a most reliable source, that Sir Charles Hallé intends giving two orchestral concerts here next season. These will be his own venture, and entirely independent of the fortnightly subscription concerts given by the Philharmonic Society, and of which he is the conductor. The 18th of November and the 3rd of February are the dates on which Sir Charles Hallé purposes giving us these musical treats. This is by no means a novel departure, for in olden days when Sir Julius Benedict, and later Herr Max Bruch, was conductor of the Philharmonic Society, fortnightly concerts were given with great success by Sir Charles Hallé on the Tuesday evenings, alternating with those on which the Society's concerts were held. Unfortunately, from the moment when, on the retirement of Max Bruch, the Philharmonic Committee appointed Sir Charles his successor, his own concerts began to decline in popularity until, after several unsuccessful seasons, they were finally given up. The reason for this apparent fickleness in a public which had hitherto been staunch supporters of Manchester's famous conductor, was self-evident to all who cared to investigate the matter. Upon the engagement of Sir Charles by the Philharmonic Committee, their orchestra, which already numbered many of Hallé's men, was reconstructed, and most of our local musicians banished in favour of members of the Manchester band. It thus happened that people could hear Hallé's orchestra under his own baton at the regular subscription concerts every fortnight, and they naturally failed to see why they should continue to support a series of opposition concerts, given by practically the same orchestra and under the same conductor. Healthy competition is always good, and while the two series remained distinct, each stimulating the other to greater efforts, both flourished; but when this friendly rivalry was destroyed, the result was the speedy deterioration of both series, and the subsequent extinction of one. We were all delighted to hear that Sarasate and Paderewski have both been engaged by the Philharmonic Committee to appear here during the winter. A few more engagements of similar importance would ensure us a season worthy of record, and I hope in my next letter to be able to report further steps in this direction. News received from Australia informs us that our celebrated local organist, Mr. W. T. Best, who went out there some months ago to open the new organ at Sydney, has been most cordially welcomed by our antipodean brethren. The president and members of the Sydney Athenæum Club have invited him to accept the honorary membership of the Club during his stay in that city, and the mayor and aldermen have vied with each other in extending hospitality to our distinguished townsman.

And now, dear, good-bye. I will write to you again as soon as our summer plans are more definitely fixed.—With best love, ever your affectionate sister,
NETTA.

Plymouth Notes.

READERS of my last "Notes" will remember that, in referring to the then forthcoming concert of the Private Choral and Orchestral Society here, I expressed the fear that the innumerable counter-attractions of "Show" week would militate against its success. Although my prophetic instinct is thus vindicated, I regret to record that the fear was only too well grounded. The weather was hot and fine; consequently, hundreds were lured far away from ill-ventilated concert halls, on charming river and sea trips. Both theatres had special attractions, and the directors of the "Promenade Pier" exerted themselves to the utmost to attract the public. Add to all this that a great Show, such as the "Royal Agricultural," is invariably attended by several minor shows ('), which act as satellites, or indirect parasites, and it will readily be granted that Mr. Weekes had severe competition on this occasion. Instead of the usual crowded audience, there were painfully frequent gaps; and there can be no doubt that the substitution of a summer for a spring concert was attended with little success. Of course, the experiment is hardly likely to be repeated, as the

special circumstances prompting it will not recur for the next quarter of a century.

COMING from audience to performers, it must be acknowledged that the programme was full of attractions, consisting as it did of Dr. Parry's "St Cecilia," and a strong miscellaneous second part. Mrs. Hutchinson and Mr. Barrington Foote were the solo vocalists, and met with a favourable reception. Dr. Parry's work was much enjoyed, but probably the second part afforded most pleasure to the considerably divergent tastes of the audience. Mr. Foote's rendering of "Father O'Flynn" was as popular as anything in the programme. Mr. Weekes' choir, as usual, distinguished itself. Provincial choirs are, more readily than ever before, displaying their taste and skill in the Metropolis. It is a pity that distance prevents Mr. Weekes' combination from following this excellent example.

MR. F. WINTERBOTTOM is now in full work as conductor of the Marine Band here, in succession to the late lamented Mr. H. Froehner. The name is not now for the first time connected with the band, Mr. Winterbottom's uncle having been Mr. Froehner's predecessor. The first public performances of the band under the new régime have created a most favourable impression of the new conductor's fitness for the post.

A. P.

Leicester Musical Notes.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE Leicester Amateur Musical and Dramatic Club gave a performance at the Royal Opera House, on 7th July, in aid of the funds of the Children's Hospital. The entertainment gave scope for the exhibition of both musical and histrionic ability, and afforded an opportunity for estimating the full strength of the company. The programme consisted of the Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, "Trial by Jury," and a farce, "My Wife's Dentist." The feature of the evening's entertainment was the opera, which was given with surprising vigour and minute attention to detail. The principals in the cast were as follows:—

The Learned Judge, . . . Mr. F. G. Pierpoint.
The Plaintiff, . . . Mrs. F. G. Pierpoint.
The Defendant, . . . Mr. C. Birch.
Usher, Mr. C. R. Annis.

Mr. Pierpoint, as the Judge, was in every way highly satisfactory, his singing being of exceptional merit. The fair Plaintiff also gave a good specimen of character-acting and singing. Mr. Birch, as the Defendant, was much appreciated; the minor characters were in efficient hands.

The chorus of over sixty, and the whole performance, was conducted by Mr. John Gregory, *Chief d'Orchestra* of the Royal Opera House. The building was packed to its utmost capacity, nearly £100 will be handed over to the fund as the result of the performance.

Mr. F. G. Pierpoint was the stage manager.

MR. J. HERBERT MARSHALL, of Leicester, was present at the first meeting of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music, held at Marlborough House on the 9th ult. Mr. J. Herbert Marshall, who represented the Leicester district, was presented to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who presided.

SINCE the retirement of Joseph Dupont, the conductorship of the Brussels Popular Concerts has been placed in commission. Five conductors were tried last year, and during the forthcoming winter Dr. Von Bülow, Mr. Colonne, Dr. Hans Richter, and Mr. Lamoureux have been retained.

Welsh Memo. and Musings.

BY "AP THOMAS."

—:o:—
ANOTHER PLUM FOR MRS. DAVIES.

FOR days past I have been seriously wondering what I could add to the chorus of praise with which the Welsh Ladies' Choir Concert at the St. James's Hall, London, on 2nd July, has been greeted. Rarely, if ever, has a concert been so generally belauded and so little criticised. Mrs. Clara Novello Davies has much to thank the critics for; but, without the slightest hesitation, we may accept it as a fact, that had the concert been anything but of first-class excellence it would have been roughly, if not ruthlessly, handled by London pressmen. But with one accord all have joined to render unstinted praise to the beauty and purity of the Welsh choristers' voices. I was one of those who found my way to St. James's Hall, and therefore I write only of that which I do know. Certain it is that I never heard finer choral singing, and I scarcely think that I shall ever hear it surpassed. Mrs. Davies and her bevy of young and pretty damsels put forth their best endeavours, and the result was a musical triumph absolute and complete. The enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. Fully two-thirds of "Westward Ho!" had to be repeated, and after a magnificent rendering of "Gwenith Gwyn," which had been specially arranged for the choir by Mr. Emlyn Evans, the Welsh people in the audience literally shouted themselves hoarse. So gratified is Mr. Joseph L. Roedel at the success which attended the performance of his cantata in the Metropolis, that he has offered, as a compliment, to write a cantata specially for the choir, and dedicated to Mrs. Davies. The new work will be ready for production next spring—in time for the choir's second visit to London. I salute both Mrs. Davies and Mr. Geo. H. Brierley, the Secretary. The success they jointly achieved is one of which they have every reason to be proud.

REPEATED BY DESIRE.

Scores of Cardiffians have called for a repetition of the concert, and they are to have it on 30th July at the Park Hall. There are, I hear, to be several alterations in the programme, mainly in order to enable Mrs. Davies to give a few more individual chances to her pupils. Neither Mr. Ffrangcon Davies nor Mr. Hirwen Jones has been engaged, but M. Johannes Wolff will delight the audience with his incomparable violin solos; Dr. E. H. Turpin will take the grand organ, and Miss Maggie Purvis, of the Royal College of Music (an ex-pupil of Mrs. Davies), will contribute a solo. I anticipate another success.

FORTUNATE MISS ASHER.

If the concert bore no other result than that it was the means of giving Miss Nellie Asher so excellent a start in the profession of music, I feel sure Mrs. Davies will accept it as an ample reward for all the trouble and expense to which she has been put. It is not every promising soprano who is given the chance of shining within the classic walls of St. James's Hall; and few are they who, granted the opportunity, could have utilized it to such distinct advantage as did Miss Asher. It is safe to say that she never sang better in her life. Not alone were the audience enraptured, but even the heart of the cynical critic was impressed. According to the *Daily Telegraph*, Miss Asher, "although only seventeen"—[she is eighteen, Mr. Bennett]—"possesses the qualities of an artist, and, given proper training of her sympathetic voice, will be heard of in the future;" whilst the *St. James's Gazette* says: "If Miss Nellie Asher is one of her pupils, Mrs. Davies will be able to boast of having introduced to a London audience a young vocalist who beyond doubt will make her mark. There is a charm, however, in this young lady's singing which owes nothing to tuition. Let us hope that when, in the natural course, she falls into the hands of a professional singing master, she will not lose it." The chances are certainly in favour of Miss Asher improving, rather than deteriorating; for, thanks to a

wealthy and benevolently disposed London gentleman, who has evinced considerable interest in her welfare, she will join the Royal Academy of Music at the Michaelmas term, to become the pupil of Mr. William Shakespeare. We may therefore reasonably entertain the hope of hearing much more of Miss Asher anon.

WHAT A CONTRAST!

Time was when, under the vigorous bâton of the veteran conductor, Mr. Jacob Davies, the Cardiff Blue Ribbon Choir could journey to the Crystal Palace and, out of sixteen choirs, could carry off the chief prize annually offered at the great temperance fête. Now, with a different leader, they undertake the long journey, sing against two other choirs—London and Oxford—and secure only the middle place, without a penny prize money. The record of six successive victories—one first and five seconds—is thus ruthlessly knocked on the head. To me it seems the height of folly for any choir to spend £70 or £80 on the chance of winning a prize valued at £15, and to which but little honour is attached.

PATTI CONCERTS.

The *diva* has a large heart. Every year she gives at Swansea a grand concert in aid of Swansea Infirmary. This year she extends operations, and on 7th August sings at Neath, in aid of the poor of the town and one of the country's most deserving institutions. The magnet which will draw her to Cardiff on 21st November is the sum of £800—not charity. Of this concert I have heard little since I wrote my last article. It appears, however, that the Orchestral Society in their wisdom have decided that the front row seats of the Park Hall balcony shall not be let under two guineas each! Will they fill them? is the question. We shall see what we shall see.

NIKITA IS COMING.

That is, if she is in England, and the Cardiff Orchestral Society can induce her to visit the Welsh metropolis for their last concert on February 4th next. The young prima donna should prove a great attraction.

THIS YEAR'S NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

Comparatively little is heard of this year's great national gathering, which will take place at Bangor on Tuesday, 2nd September, and three following days. Interest in the event—musically at any rate—is confined to the northern portion of the Principality, but North Walesans are so enthusiastic over matters eisteddfodic that a failure is scarcely anticipated. The entries in the musical competitions have, at the time of writing, not yet closed; but I think we can take it for granted that no South Welsh choir will enter the lists, and that the struggle will rest between Carnarvon, Bangor, Festiniog, Holyhead, Wrexham, and Liverpool. Sixteen bards have delivered themselves of odes to "Labour" in the competition for the bardic chair—the blue ribbon of the Eisteddfod. I trow that "Tudno" will again prove a hard nut to crack. The clerical bard will soon possess prize chairs sufficient to stock a shop.

TWO HUNDRED POUNDS IN A FORTNIGHT.

We have had in July two monster Eisteddfodan at Llanelly and Bridgend, and the Porth and Cymmer Choir are rejoicing in the fact that they are £200 richer than they were a month ago. I heartily congratulate Mr. Taliesin Hopkins and his plucky band of vocalists on the unexampled success they have achieved in carrying off the principal prize at both Eisteddfodan. At Llanelly the singing was really magnificent. "An eminent London professor" (whom I take to be Signor Randegger, who acted as one of the adjudicators) is, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, responsible for the subjoined comments:—"The chief choral competition was really a wonderful and most touching affair. The competing choirs numbered from 170 to 200 voices each, and their singing was simply marvellous, considering the class of people to which they belong." At Bridgend, however, the singing, I am told, was only so-so. This marked decadence is directly attributed to the weather, which could not well have been worse. The rain fell in torrents almost all the live-long day, and as it never seemed to have entered the heads of

the committee to provide against such a contingency, the immense audience were in a sorry plight. A better picture of heroic fortitude, than was exhibited by hundreds of men and women, who sat for nine and ten hours at a stretch ankle deep in mud while the rain mercilessly dripped upon their heads from the canvas roof, it would be impossible to imagine.

BEAT IT IF YOU CAN.

Mr. David Hughes of Landore (lovely Landore!), near Swansea, is the most successful musical student of recent years. Here is his record of victories during the five years Mr. Hughes has studied at the Royal Academy:—1st year, bronze medal for singing; 2nd year, silver medal for singing, bronze medal for elocution, and the Parepa-Rosa gold medal for which fourteen baritones competed; 3rd year, certificate of merit and bronze medals for acting; 4th year, Evil prize, value ten guineas, ten baritones competing; 5th year, Leslie Crotty prize, value ten guineas (seven competitors), and the Rutson Memorial prize, value twelve guineas (four competitors). Can any English student top this record?

A WELSH OPERATIC ARTIST.

Miss Emily Squire of Swansea, whose success as a student I noticed in last month's Magazine, has not had long to wait out in the cold. She is now appearing as Guanette in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera "The Gondoliers" at the Savoy Theatre, London. Mr. William Evans of Morriston has also received an offer from Mr. D'Oyley Carte, but at present Mr. Evans prefers to remain independent.

Foreign Notes.

—:o:—

ITALIAN papers are quite enthusiastic in speaking of Mascagni, the author of "Cavalleria Rusticana." All the illustrated journals, vie with each other in publishing his portrait; others give interesting details of his successes. The total receipts for seven representations of "Cavalleria Rusticana" amounted to at least £1850. On his return from Rome to Leghorn, which is his birthplace, the citizens gave him a public reception, the town was illuminated in his honour, and a serenade was played under his window with an immense crowd applauding.

ACCORDING to *l'Epoca*, Verdi, on learning the success of "Cavalleria Rusticana," sent for a copy of the score, with which he shut himself up in his room. After having played and critically studied this masterpiece, he returned it to the author, accompanied by this sentence, "Now I shall die happy. Giuseppe Verdi." We may remark that this expression was formerly attributed to Méhul.

GRAND fêtes took place at Catane last month on the occasion of Bellini's opening the new theatre which bears his name. A large crowd assisted at the ceremony, the streets were gaily decorated and brilliantly illuminated, and the following day an Exhibition, entirely devoted to Bellini, was opened in the Municipal Palace. Among the objects of interest in this Exhibition were:—A jewelled miniature portrait of Malibran. The medal presented to Bellini by King Francis I. of Naples. A miniature portrait of Bellini executed by Malibran. Two gold watches and canes belonging to Bellini. An autograph score of his first dramatic composition. The spinet on which he first studied music; and in addition, medals, autograph letters, compositions, etc.

IN spite of Catane having a population of 80,000 inhabitants, it has never before had a theatre of its own. This theatre is a grand piece of architecture, and will form an enduring monument to Bellini, who was born at Catane. The first performance was a representation of "Norma," on which occasion the receipts were over £600.

A NEW opera called "Raggio di luna," has been very successfully represented at the Manzoni Theatre in Milan. The author is M. Franco Leoni, quite a young man. The libretto is by M. Zenoni.

THE Town Council of Parma have decided that a chapel in the cemetery of that town shall be dedicated to the memory of Bottesini, and that in this chapel his remains shall be placed, as well as those of the professors and pupils of the Conservatorium.

WE hear from Turin that the excellent tenor De Negri, who has for some time been ill, has undergone a very difficult surgical operation, which consists in cutting out a portion of the liver. The operation was performed by the distinguished Professor Novaro, who came from Sienna expressly, accompanied by his colleague, Bozzolo. De Negri is doing well.

IT is announced that a Conservatorium of Music will shortly be instituted at Malta. It will be placed under the direction of Paolino Vassallo, who originated the idea.

ACCORDING to the official statement published by the administration of the Imperial Opera at Vienna, we learn that from the beginning of August 1889 to the end of May 1890, three hundred representations have been given, of which seventy were operas and thirteen ballets.

IT is stated from Bucharest that Matias Miguel, the pianist so well known in Paris, has been created a Chevalier of the Crown of Roumania.

THE Egyptian Government has promised to give a subsidy of £4000 next winter to the Khedival Theatre at Cairo, where they play French opera and ballet. "This is another theatre lost to Italian opera," as one of their compatriots bitterly remarks!

THE journals of the United States have recently published a medical report on the excellent sanitary effect produced by the study of the flute, which constitutes, it appears, one of the most efficacious hygienic exercises, and is an excellent substitute for walking exercise. The *Musical Times* is much disquieted at this: "The danger of the affair," they say, "is that amateurs hitherto inoffensive, and who have not the least musical disposition, will render themselves insupportable to their neighbours, under the pretext that they are carrying out their doctor's orders."

ACCORDING to *l'Edio de Paris*, M. Saint-Saëns' new opera has no chance. Some little time ago M. Lassalle was forced to find a substitute in M. Bérardi; then M. Cossira was indisposed, and at five hours' notice they procured M. Affal to take his part of Ascanio. Gailhard was furious, and wrote to M. Cossira, reminding him that this was the second time his indisposition had prevented his taking his place at the last minute, and begging him in future to send a daily message as to the state of his health before eleven o'clock.

IN Paris, on 14th June, took place the annual dinner of the Society of Musical Composers. They dined at the top of the Eiffel Tower. M. Saint-Saëns presided, and, in replying to a toast, in his honour, gave a charming little poem on music. Afterwards a piano was brought in. M. Wickerlin sang some French songs, and the president hummed a verse of a song which was found on a seventeenth century plate.

ON the completion of his Spanish visit, Sarasate is expected in Paris by September.

THE *Leipziger Tagblatt* published a statistical report of the musical publications in Germany during 1889, the report complains of a sensible decline in the number of new productions, as compared with the previous year. This is the first time, for a long period, that the musical production of Germany has been arrested in its upward movement. The total number of new productions in 1889 amounted to 669, against 7169 in 1888—i.e. a decrease of seventy-seven. This decrease is noticeable in every class of

composition: chamber music, oratorio, vocal and instrumental. Quartette music has particularly suffered. This one class has fallen from 435 to 235 compositions.

THE celebrated *Kapellmeister*, Edward Strauss, on his American tour was the victim of a theft which was happily discovered in time. One evening, on returning to his hotel in Pittsburg, Strauss found the door broken open, and saw lying on the floor empty, the bag in which he kept the receipts from his concerts, amounting to £140. The thief, who turned out to be one of the hotel waiters, was arrested next day, and the money was found concealed in his clothes. Although he had the key of the chamber in his possession, he had not used it, in order to avert suspicion from himself.

AN interesting judgment! The Court at Rheims has lately echoed a judgment given by many other tribunals—that the manuscript reproduction of an opera score, or any other literary or artistic work, constitutes forgery; and the manager who causes such operas to be performed in his theatre by means of these manuscript reproductions is guilty of the same offence. This judgment was given at the request of a certain number of musical editors who accused N. Vilanon, director of the Grand Theatre at Rheims, of using such manuscript scores and orchestral parts. The Tribunal at Rheims condemned the accused to pay a fine and the plaintiff's damages.

IT is reported that Mme. Materna, the famous singer who took Paris by storm last winter, has decided to retire from public life next year, or, at any rate, only to appear in the Imperial Opera, at Vienna, in certain Wagnerian rôles in which she is unrivalled.

THE Prague newspapers tell us that the famous singer Mdle. Mallinger has been appointed professor of singing at the Prague Conservatoire.

THE following list of novelties is promised by the Municipal Theatre at Cologne for next season:—

"La Reine de Saba," by Goldmark.
"Le Cheval de Brouge" (Humperdink Version).
"Le Roi Malgré lui," by Chabrier; and
"Kaïtchen von Heilbroun," by Rheinthal.

BESIDES the new Opera House which is now being built at Berlin, and which will be directed by Herr Angelo Neumann, it is stated that the German capital will next winter have a third Lyric Theatre with M. de Strautz, formerly director of the Royal Opera, at its head. We are assured that a large amount of English capital is vested in this enterprise. The Quadruple Alliance is not then in vain!

A DISTINGUISHED pianist, Mdle. Teresa Gindi, formerly a pupil at the Milan Conservatoire, and already author of several operas, has just finished the music of a new work in three acts, called "Mallischina."

MOST of the operas have been long since closed. At Vienna, Berlin, Stockholm, Milan, Rome, and in most of the European capitals, the season ended in June. The Opera House at Paris closed early in July. In London alone, the musical season continued, when everywhere else it was on the decline.

THE death is announced, at Pultawa, of the Russian Nicolas Christianovitch. Though a magistrate by profession, he made a name in Russian musical literature, by publishing, in 1876, a volume of letters by Chopin, Schubert, and Schumann. He founded a School of Music at Pultawa, of which he was the mainspring to his death. His brother, Alexander Christianovitch, was the well-known author of a French book on Ancient Arab Music, published at Paris in 1863.

THEY have just opened at Eutin, in Holstein, the monument raised by national subscription to the illustrious Carl Maria von Weber, author of "Freischütz" and "Obéron." For a long time subscriptions have been collected, and they have had great difficulty to procure enough money. On account of the bad weather, Baron von Liberkron could not give the opening address out of doors, as was arranged, but had to give it under a temporary shelter arranged for the *fête*. A grand Mass, executed under the direction of M. Heins, terminated the official ceremony.

IN the new German theatre which will be opened at Prague next month, the first representation will be M. Reyer's "Salambo" in German.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN, after having visited Oberammergau for the purpose of hearing the Passion Play, has betaken himself to Badenweiler in the Black Forest, where he intends to spend the summer. The great artist looks very well indeed, fresh and almost youthful, and is in the best of spirits.

FRANZ ONDRICEK, the eminent violinist, has made a most successful tour in Poland, Roumania, Servia, Turkey, the Caucasus, and Russia. Next season he will play in Austria, Germany, and Sweden, and in the autumn of 1891 he intends to go to America. Little Otto Hegner, who has made such a sensation in England and America, will give concerts next winter in all the most important German towns.

A VALUABLE addition has been made to the teaching staff of the Dresden Conservatorium of Music, in the person of the celebrated Emil Sauer. He is to be the first teacher of pianoforte, and to be on duty during several months yearly. At the same time we learn that Herr Franz Kullak has given up the direction of his Academy of Music in Berlin.

THE *Allgemeine Deutsche Musikzeitung* pays a well-deserved compliment to our English choral singing:—"Last year, after the Leeds Musical Festival, we drew the attention of our readers to the remarkable excellence of choral singing in England. Our remarks were received very doubtfully in Germany, as people in this country can scarcely be persuaded to recognise the fact that there is in England much good and earnest work done in music. The last report of the Commission on Public Education gives, however, a hint as to the reason for the distinguished success of the singers. During 1889, 2,358,560 children were taught singing and sol-fa; and on various occasions, for example, when children took part in Choir Festivals, etc., the sum of £117,928 sterling has been distributed. In 1884 there were only 3871 schools in which singing was taught; in 1889 there were 12,790."

THE proposed new Mozart Theatre at Salzburg is to be used primarily, as its name would lead us to believe, for the performance of the greatest operas of the master. But not only for Mozart's operas. The works of Glück, Beethoven, and Weber are to be represented there; and it is hoped that the new building will act as a centre of attraction to the crowds from all nations who yearly visit this beautiful town. The house will be seated for 1500 persons, and the decorations are in white, red, and gold. A site has been chosen on the slope of the Mönchberg, within easy distance of the town.

LÉO DELIBES, the composer of "Sylvia" and "Coppélia," has finished a new opera, "Katia," which will be performed at the Opéra-Comique next winter. The text is by Meilhac and Gille, and is based on an episode of the Galician insurrection of 1846.

AN interesting performance at the last *Fahresprüfung* of the Raff Conservatorium, at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, was that of Mozart's masterpiece, the "Marriage of Figaro," the representation of which was undertaken by some of the pupils of that establishment, who are at present studying for the operatic stage, under the direction of Herr Maximilian Fleisch. The critics and the public were highly pleased, and lately the opera was repeated by the same young performers, in the charming Kurhaus Theatre at Homburg, and with the orchestra of that theatre. Among the audience were the Princesses Victoria and Margaret of Prussia, and the performance was for the benefit of the proposed Homburg monument to the Emperor Friedrich. So great was the interest aroused on this occasion that the ambitious young students were encouraged to fresh efforts. On a second evening they gave "Fidelio" with equal success. This time they were assisted by former as well as present pupils of the Raff Conservatorium.

THERE is to be a lottery in aid of the Mozart monument, with prizes of 3000, 1000, and 500 gulden.

AN unlucky individual, hailing from Berlin, we believe, has lately covered himself with glory, by suggesting that the "Ring of the Nibelungen" should be compressed, so as to be just the length for a single night's performance. He says it could not hurt this great work, to shorten it, as the parts omitted could be rendered for enthusiastic Wagnerites at concerts, or at home, say on the piano. The idea, strange to say, does not seem to meet with approval. "All in all" (how many nights soever) "or not at all," says the musical public. Among what heathens has this man been dwelling lately, asks one irate editor, that he makes such a very artistic and modest proposal? That it should be a German who has ventured to suggest such profanation, and not a foreigner, seems to be "adding insult to injury."

IN Bucharest there is now a musical journal written in the Roumanian language.

AMONG new compositions which have lately been successfully performed, we hear from Weimar of two one-act operas by Alexander Ritter, "Wem die Krone?" and "Der Faule Hans." Both are highly praised, and the composer is heartily congratulated on his success. The stories of both are of the simplest character, "Wem die Krone" being the old tale of three sons sent off for a year by their mother, Queen Ute, with a portion of 10,000 crowns each, and the promise of the kingdom and a beautiful bride to the one who shall spend his money in the noblest way. At the year's end they all return. Conrad, the eldest, has travelled through many lands, and brings home the richest treasures; Ludwig, the second, has built strong towers to guard his country; but the third, Heinrich, comes home poor and sad. He has worked among the poor, the sick, and the unfortunate, and has devoted himself as well as his portion to their service. He has won the hearts of all, he is chosen as the worthiest to wear the crown, and he marries the beautiful Richildis, with whom he has been in love all along. The other tale is of the same almost childish simplicity. "Idle Hans" is the seventh son of Count Hartung. Unlike his brothers, he can find pleasure neither in the chase nor in military exercises. He cannot see the good of doing any work, and passes his time in dreaming of the charms of nature, or poring over old tales and legends. At last his father has him chained to an oaken block in the castle court, where he is exposed to the jeers and mockery of all and sundry. But not even this can rouse him; and not until the castle and his country are threatened by an invading army, can he be aroused from his dreams. Then does he burst his bonds, material and spiritual, and, fighting with irresistible force and energy, he puts new life into everybody else, and becomes the saviour of his queen and country. Of course he also is rewarded by a kingdom and a royal bride. The music is said to be of the Wagner school, and very fine.

PAUL SCHIEDMAYER, the well-known pianoforte manufacturer, of Stuttgart, died on the 18th of June. The name of Schiedmayer has long been a well-known one in connection with the making of pianos, the Stuttgart business having been begun more than eighty years ago.

FIFTY-SEVEN associations, consisting of 1007 choral societies, with a total of 13,096 members, are expected to take part in the fourth German *Sängerbundesfest*, to be held in Vienna. Deputations from societies in Switzerland, Warsaw, Christiania, and Hungary are announced.

A QUIET LIFE.—Nervous sufferers, authors and scientific students might find a refuge in Rustschuck (Rustschuck, as our readers may be aware, is a small town on the Bulgarian bank of the Danube). Here is a late ukase of the city authorities: As there seems to be a prospect of numerous foreign vagabonds coming hither to plunder our pockets, we hereby give notice that no foreign artists will be allowed to give theatrical performances in this town, nor will travelling musicians be permitted to go about the district.

THIS inhospitable notice does not suggest a very liberal-minded community. But there may be excuses for such a harsh edict against strange musicians—Rustschuck may have too many of her own. Perhaps the native artists practise too much or too loud. Whatever their reasons may be, the authorities evidently want neither concerts nor street music from without.

Accidentals.

M. RUBINSTEIN has just finished a new opera, which will be produced at St. Petersburg in the winter. It is entitled "Les Malheureux," and it is based upon the love misadventures of a Russian prince of the twelfth century.

HERR SCHARWENKA, the well-known pianist, is engaged upon an opera, entitled "Masawintha," its hero being a king of the Goths.

A MOVEMENT is on foot for a general reduction of the salaries of leading vocalists in all the subsidized opera houses of Italy, as it is claimed at the present rate of pay the successful carrying on of opera is impossible. A reduction of this sort would give a chance to the smaller artists.

ANOTHER prima donna is said to have left her diamonds in a cab. The news has not created much sensation, for vocalists are proverbially careless. Madame Tavery has, it is hoped, by this time recovered her property, which included a pair of earrings given her by the late King of Bavaria.

BRAHMS' "Requiem" and Dr. Parry's "St. Cecilia's Day" will be performed on 16th December by the Bach Choir, and two cantatas and an eight-part motet by Bach on 10th February.

A CASE of some interest to the musical world was decided before Mr. Justice Grantham last week. Dr. Bradford, organist at the Royal Naval School, composed an oratorio named "Judith" in 1887, and arranged to have a committee and guarantors as to the expenses. The oratorio was not a commercial success, and Messrs. Stanley, Lucas, Weber, & Co. now sued to recover £69, 17s. 6d., the balance due to them for bringing out the work. The question in dispute was whether it was the defendant or his committee who were to be looked to for payment. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiffs for the amount claimed.

MM. LASSALLE, Jean and Edouard de Reszké, have consented to renew their engagements at Covent Garden in 1891 for double the sum they are now receiving.

MISS GRACE HAWTHORNE having disposed of her lease of the Princess's Theatre to Mrs. Harriet Good, will, on the termination of the run of "Theodora" in London, take her company on tour in the English provinces; after which she will play a brief starring engagement in America and Australia, returning to London in October of next year to take possession of her new theatre, which is being erected for her on an eligible site not far removed from Piccadilly Circus.

A NEW Academy of Music has been founded at Glasgow. Mr. Alan Macbeth, conductor of the Glasgow Choral Union, has been appointed director.

THE following interesting sale of manuscripts and autographs took place in London last month:—Auber's "Benedictus," dedicated to Madame Guyemard-Gautiers, £1; six sheets written in pencil by Beethoven, £3, 14s.; Goethe's pencil receipt for "la Tartuffe," by Molière, 8s.; Haydn, some lines dated from Vienna in 1803, £6, 5s.; and a fragment, "Dona nobis," for four voices, £3, 3s.; Liszt, two letters from Weimar in 1854, £1, 6s.; Mendelssohn, manuscript of a short pianoforte duet, dated 26th March 1841, £10; a *Volkstied*, £6, 4s.; eight letters, 1837-1844, £15, 4s.; Schiller, five very important letters, 1793-1803, £42, 15s.; Schubert, manuscript of three Romances, £7, 4s.; Schumann, March No. 2 for piano, £4; Wagner, fragment of an unpublished Overture, £2, 16s.; a sheet of the score of Rienzi, £2, 10s.; a page of the German score of "Norma," £2, 9s.

THE sudden death is announced, on Saturday, of Mr. Theodore de Lajarte, composer of "Mlle. Penelope," and "M. Floridor," and some similarly light operas for Paris, and for the past fifteen years librarian at the Paris Opera. The deceased, who was sixty-nine, compiled a complete catalogue of the musical treasures of the Opera Library.

SUNDAY music for the people finds an advocate in the Queen. The east terrace of Windsor Castle has been opened to the public. Every Sunday afternoon during the summer bands will play there. On the first Sunday afternoon, 28th June, seven thousand persons were present; and the Queen watched the scene from a window, while the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Prince and Princess Henry walked about among the people.

YOUNG Mr. Lloyd, who previously studied as a pianist under Madame Schumann, is now under Mr. Fred. Walker as a tenor vocalist.

THE pianoforte recital season is now over. A list has been drawn up of the various pianists who have this summer visited us. They number in all seventy-two; and, as many have given three, four, or more recitals each, the number of performances have been almost unprecedented. Out of the seventy-two, twenty-two pianists have in the present season made their *début* in this country. One of the latest of the new-comers was M. Denhof, a Swiss pianist, a pupil of Madame Essipoff's husband. Certain indications of incorrectness in Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 31, No. 2, may be excused by the fact that, while he was performing this difficult music, the pianist was greatly perplexed by the sounds of a particularly loud barrel-organ played in the street, yet clearly audible through the open windows. In pieces by Schumann and some works of the modern school, M. Denhof succeeded much better.

THE plans of the new Mozart theatre to be erected on the Mönchsberg, at Salzburg, have been completed by the architects, Herren Helmer and Fellner. The interior will somewhat resemble that of the Bayreuth theatre, with, however, the addition of a gallery. A new serpentine road is to be constructed from the town to the eminence on which the theatre is to be built.

I AM informed that Miss Rosalind Ellicott, the gifted daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester, is about to formally adopt the profession of music—at any rate, as a composer. She has already contributed several works to the Three Choirs Festivals, and a new pianoforte trio from her pen, in which she herself played the pianoforte part, was last week produced at the Palace, Gloucester.

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A FURTHER attempt is, I understand, to be made to induce Miss MacIntyre to head the Carl Rosa Company next season, and it is thought likely that the plan will succeed. If so, it will be all the better for the Carl Rosa troupe, and all the worse for the concert platform, where the Scottish prima donna, if she devoted herself entirely to work which is at once lucrative and lasting, bade fair to take a high position.

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MADAME PATEY will sail early in August for Australia, where she will certainly give forty concerts, and hopes to appear in a good many more. The veteran contralto will occasionally appear in oratorio, but most of her concerts will be with ballad programmes. She will be accompanied by her husband, Mr. Patey, who will also sing.

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MR. LEONARD BORWICK, immediately after his appearance at the Richter Concert last week, returned to Frankfurt, where he once more placed himself under Madame Schumann's care. He has already had five years of instruction under the great pianist, and proposes to remain with her until the winter, when he is to come to London to play at the Popular Concerts and elsewhere.

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A SUPPOSED interview with Madame Alboni was recently printed in *Galignani's Messenger*. Madame Alboni somewhat rashly wrote to the Paris papers disclaiming the whole affair, and stating that "Not only have I not had an interview, but I have not even the honour to know the author of the article in question." Mr. Leopold Grahame, the editor of *Galignani*, gives, however, a very fair explanation of the circumstance. His reporter wished to interview Madame Alboni, and accordingly went to the Villa Cenerentola, where the aged contralto resides with her second husband, M. Zeiger. This gentleman, according to the correspondent, received him very courteously, giving him the whole of the details, and also formally authorized the publication of the conversation. A day or so afterwards the editor of *Galignani's Messenger* received from M. Zeiger a letter requesting him not to publish the interview. The letter, however, arrived on the very morning that the interview was published, and consequently the editor was powerless. He seems, indeed, to have behaved very well over the whole affair.

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NEXT year will be the centenary anniversary of four great musicians—Herold, Czerny, Meyerbeer, and Mozart—all of whom were born in 1791.

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IN England, in the reign of Charles II., morals were so severe that women were excluded from the stage, consequently feminine rôles had to be played by young men, disguised as well as possible. On one particular evening the curtain was unusually long in rising. The audience became impatient, and the king, who had arrived in good time, seemed vexed at the delay. Presently he sent for the manager. "What is the matter to-day?" asked the king angrily. "Are you not going to have any performance?" "Pardon me, sire," replied the manager, bowing low, "but . . . the queen is not yet shaved!" Charles II. burst out laughing, and waited patiently till the queen had finished shaving.

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CERTAIN doctors (says the *Musical World*), obviously fellows of the baser sort, have been declaring that flute-playing is a very healthy exercise, and a good substitute for walking. Perhaps it is; but as so many of us—in cities at any rate—contrive to get along very well without much walking, could we not do without the flute-playing just as well? A contemporary, horror-stricken by the alarming increase

of the practice which, it imagines, will result from this medical opinion, inquires what the effect will be on the neighbours who have ears and can't shut them. Our *confère* may be of good courage, for we bring him tidings of comfort and joy. A high scientific authority has asserted that the human ear is gradually evolving a lid, so that about the year 6000 A.D. we shall all be provided with useful, and perhaps ornamental, flaps which will shut down at pleasure, and so enable us to remain deaf to all ugly sounds. Possibly this may be cold comfort, inasmuch as few of us are likely to remain alive so long. And it must be confessed that nature is ridiculously dilatory in effecting reforms. By the year 6000 all ugly sounds will have been abolished, and nobody will want to be deaf. It is now that the reform is imperative—now, when the streets are choked with piano-grinders; and the concert halls with piano-thumpers, who are one family. Cannot some one stick a metaphorical pin into nature, and induce her to hurry up with the ear-lids?

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MADAME DE PACHMANN will, during October and November undertake a tour of the English provinces. At Christmas she will sail for New York to rejoin her husband.

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THE accounts of the various provincial choral societies in many cases show a deficit on the production of novelties. The deficit is, however, in each instance smaller than heretofore, and experience has proved that if no novelties are announced, the receipts from serial tickets fall off considerably. During the Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society's season, for example, there was a loss of £76, 4s. 6d. on Dr. Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon," while Gounod's "Faust" drew a profit of £56, "Messiah" of £42, and "Elijah" of £17. At the Halifax Choral Society there was a loss of £16, 18s. 3d. on the "Golden Legend," and of £5, 1s. 10d. on "Judas Maccabeus," while there was a profit on the "Messiah" of £30. The Leeds Philharmonic Society, on the other hand, have, mainly owing to the interest created by novelties, paid off £200 of debt, and now have a small balance in hand. Last year there was a profit of £55. Mr. Broughton's choir now has under practice Verdi's "Requiem" and Berlioz's "Te Deum," so that they obviously are not frightened by difficult music.

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YORK MINSTER.—Although the military festivals of York Minster are famous occasions, yet a more important service still is held every three years, when, as on Thursday, July 10th, about 900 singers assemble from all parts in the north to sing a service which includes a special anthem or cantata. This year Gibbons in F was sung, and for the anthem "Meribah," an exceedingly fine work by Dr. Naylor, the well-known organist of the Minster, was performed. Dr. Armes, organist of Durham Cathedral, played the organ in the nave, the composer conducting. Although essentially a church oratorio, it would sound splendid with an orchestra, for which it will probably be soon scored. In conclusion, we must offer our hearty congratulations to Dr. Naylor for his tremendous success. The work is published by the London Musical Publishing Company.

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FROM Weimar we receive the news that on the occasion of the recent meeting there of the Goethe Society, Privy Councillor Ruland made most interesting and new announcements, based upon late researches and findings, which throw new lights upon Goethe's musical studies and his relations to music. According to Ruland, Goethe had been buying through Schicht, in Leipsic, quite a quantity of old Italian sacred and operatic music. Moreover, there seems no doubt that the great poet occupied himself extensively with the study of harmony and counterpoint; and, lastly, it is asserted that he bought up some manuscripts by Johann Sebastian Bach, and himself arranged some of the latter's organ works for string quartette. Goethe's taste for and knowledge of painting and sculpture have often been mentioned, but this is the first time that his technical proficiency in music is asserted and proven.

Rules of Life and Conduct.

FROM A MUSICAL POINT OF VIEW.

BY R. SCHUMANN.

—:o:—

THE cultivation of the ear is of most importance. Strive early to distinguish the pitch of a sound, and the key in which a composition is set. Seek to ascertain what notes are yielded by the bell, the window pane, the cuckoo, etc.

You should industriously practice the scales and finger-exercises. Many people, however, up to an advanced age endeavour to arrive at perfection by devoting many hours daily to mechanical exercises only. This is as if one should toil daily to repeat the A B C with ever-increasing rapidity. Devote your time to better purpose.

Dumb pianos have been introduced; try them for a little while that you may be assured of their inutility. From the dumb we cannot learn to speak.

Play in correct time! The performance of many virtuosi is like the gait of the inebriate. Do not imitate such people.

Learn early the fundamental principles of Harmony.

Do not be afraid of the words, Theory, Thorough Bass, etc.; they will meet you in a friendly way if you do the same.

Never tinkle! Play your pieces thoroughly, and never by halves.

Dragging and hurrying are equally great faults. Take pains to play easy pieces well and with finish; it is better than the indifferent performance of more difficult music.

Make a point of having your instrument kept well in tune.

You must not only know your pieces with your fingers, but should also be able to hum them without the aid of a piano. Cultivate your imagination, so that you can vividly retain not only the melody of a composition, but also its proper harmony.

Even if you have but little voice, endeavour to sing at sight without the aid of the instrument: the sensibility of your ear will always be improved. Should you, however, possess a powerful voice, lose no time in its cultivation, and recognise it as the finest gift conferred by Heaven.

You must seek to advance so far as to understand any music on paper without playing or singing it.

When you play, never trouble yourself as to who is listening.

Always play as if a master were listening to you.

Should any one place a composition before you to play at sight—read it over first.

Should you feel fatigued after your musical day's work, do not force yourself to do more. Better rest, than work without pleasure and energy.

At a more advanced age avoid fashionable trifles. Time is precious. To learn all the good music that has been written would need a hundred lives.

No children fed upon sweets and delicacies will attain to a healthy manhood. The mental, like the bodily food must be simple and nourishing. The great masters have provided for the former; keep to them.

All showy, frivolous music is transient; dexterity is only of value when it leads to higher ends.

Do not aid the circulation of bad compositions; on the contrary, do your best to suppress them.

You should neither play bad composition nor (unless compelled) listen to them.

Do not expect to arrive at finished execution if you confine your studies to frivolous music. In the performance of a composition, endeavour to produce the impression intended to be conveyed by the author.

Attempt no more; further efforts lead to exaggeration.

Consider it as something abominable to alter, omit, or embellish any composition by a good master. It is the greatest indignity you can commit against art.

In the selection of your pieces for study ask advice of your seniors, you will thereby save yourself much time.

You should by degrees learn to know all the important works of the most celebrated masters.

Take care not to be misled by the applause of so-called great virtuosi. The applause of the true artist is of more value to you than that of the great mass.

All that is pronounced fashionable becomes at last unfashionable, and if you follow it up into advanced life you will become a simpleton whom no one will regard.

Much playing in society does more harm than good. Consider your audience; but never play anything that you conscientiously feel ashamed of.

Lose, however, no opportunity of playing with others in duos, trios, etc. This will make your playing fluent and aspiring. Accompany singers often.

If all would play first violin, we could never form an orchestra. Therefore respect each musician in his place.

Love your instrument, but don't assume, in your pride, that it is superlative and the only one. Remember that there are others and equally good. Remember also, that there are singers, and that the highest class of music is rendered by the choir and orchestra.

When you are older, occupy yourself more with scores than with performers.

Play diligently the fugues of good masters, and especially those of J. Sebastian Bach. Let his forty-eight Preludes and Fugues be your daily bread. You will then certainly become a thorough musician.

Seek among your associates those who know more than yourself.

Recreate yourself thoroughly from your musical studies by reading poetry. Take exercise often in the open air!

There is much to be learned from singers, but don't consider them infallible.

Do not imagine that you are the only individual in the world. Be modest. You have neither yet invented nor discovered anything that has not been already discovered or invented by others before you; and if even you have, regard it as a gift from above, to be shared in common with others.

The study of the History of Music, aided by listening to the masterpieces of different epochs, will prove the most effectual cure for vanity and presumption.

You will find Thibaut's work on *Purity in Musical Art* a delightful book. Read it often as you grow older.

Should you hear the organ in passing a church, enter and listen; and if permitted to sit on the organ-stool, place your tiny fingers on the keys, and marvel at the omnipotence of music!

Do not neglect any opportunity of practising on the organ; no instrument is so efficacious in correcting the errors and bad habits acquired in a faulty musical education, either as regards composition or performance.

Sing frequently in choruses, especially the middle parts—it will tend to make you a good musician.

But what is it to be a good musician? You are not so if you fix your eyes anxiously on the notes and play laboriously to the end of your piece; you are not so if a false turn over of two leaves causes you abruptly to stop short and break down. But you are a musician if you can, as it were, anticipate what is coming in a new piece, or remember what follows in one of the pieces you have already learned—in a word, if you have music not only in your fingers, but also in your head and heart.

But how can one become a good musician? The chief requisites, my young friend, are a fine ear and a quick perception, gifts which come to us from above. These talents, can, however, be cultivated and

cherished, not by a rigid seclusion for days together in following a mechanical course of study, but by cheerful and frequent musical intercourse, particularly with choir and orchestra.

Become early acquainted with the compass of the four principal species of the human voice; study them in connection with the choir; ascertain in what intervals their greatest power lies, and in what others the soft and tender shades of expression are to be found.

Listen attentively to all national songs; they are a rich mine of the most beautiful melodies, and open up to you a glimpse of the character of different nations.

Practise early the reading of the old clefs, otherwise many treasures of past times will be as sealed books to you.

Attend early to the tone and character of the various instruments; and seek to impress their distinctive qualities on your ear.

Do not neglect to hear good operas.

Reverence ancient music, but warmly welcome the modern. Entertain no prejudice against unknown names.

Do not judge of a composition from a single hearing; first impressions are not always correct. The works of good masters require to be studied, and their merits often develop themselves at a later period.

In judging new compositions, discern whether they appertain to works of art or aim only to amuse amateurs: adhere to the former; be not angry with the latter!

"Melody" is the war-cry of amateurs, and certainly without melody there is no real music; but understand clearly that all they mean by this word is a simple, rhythmical and agreeable tune. There are, however, melodies of a totally different stamp; and when you study the works of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, they will flash out before you in a thousand varied hues. The wearisome sameness of the melodies in modern Italian Operas will, it is to be hoped, soon disgust you.

If in rambling over the keys of your piano you form little melodies, that is all very well; but if such melodies spring up spontaneously when away from the piano, you have reason to be much more gratified; it is a natural talent stirring within you. The fingers should carry out the ideas of the brain—not the reverse.

If you begin to compose, work it all out in your head. When your piece is thus completed, and not before, try it over on the piano. If the music emanated from your very soul, and you felt moved by it, the same will influence others also.

If Heaven has bestowed upon you a lively imagination, you will often find yourself in solitary hours spellbound at your piano, breathing out your inner soul in harmony; you will feel yourself mysteriously drawn, as it were, within a magic circle, the less the boundless sphere of harmony may perchance be known to you. These are the happiest hours of youth; but beware of abandoning yourself too often to the exercise of this species of talent, which may lead you to waste your time and powers in the pursuit of a phantom. The mastery of musical Forms and the judicious enunciation of your ideas can only be acquired by constant writing: write, therefore, more than you improvise.

Acquaint yourself with the art of conducting; watch frequently good conductors, and mentally conduct with them. This will give you clearness of perception.

Study the surroundings of life as thoroughly as the other arts and sciences.

The laws of morality govern also those of art.

By industry and perseverance you will always advance.

Out of a pound of iron, costing only a few pence, many thousand watch-springs are made—and the value is increased a thousandfold. Use faithfully the pound (or talent) that God has given you.

Without enthusiasm, nothing great in art can be achieved.

Art does not exist for the acquirement of wealth. Become a true artist, and all else will follow.

It is only when you have mastered Form that you can fully understand the spirit of a composition.

Perhaps it is only genius that can understand genius thoroughly.

It has somewhere been said, that a perfect musician, even upon the first hearing of an orchestral piece (however complicated it may be), should be able, as it were, to see the living score before him. This is certainly the highest attainment that can be imagined. There is no end to Learning.

Patents.

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- 8,968. An improved musical wheel for music halls and variety entertainments. George Henry Rayner, 37 Chancery Lane. June 10th.
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- 9,355. Certain improvements in music leaf turners. Daniel Schuyler, 11 Wellington Street, Strand, London. June 17th.
- 9,436. Improved music leaf or book leaf turner. John Pitt Bayly, 18 Fulham Place, Paddington. June 18th. (Morison Kyle, Canada.)
- 9,485. Scottish guitar. William Sutherland, 14 Wellington Street, Glasgow. June 19th.
- 9,533. Improvements in mechanical musical instruments. Henry Harris Lake, 45 Southampton Buildings, London. (Gebrüder Bruder, Germany.) June 19th.
- 10,277. Improvements in musical notation. William Grimmond, 62 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. July 3rd.
- 10,425. A new or improved appliance to be used in teaching music, musical composition, and the like. Mary Elizabeth Cunningham Craig, 115 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. July 5th.
- 10,454. Process for producing the bodies of pipes and sound vessels for organs, and similar musical instruments. Charles Huelser, 142 Fleet Street, London. (August Stiller, Germany.) July 5th.

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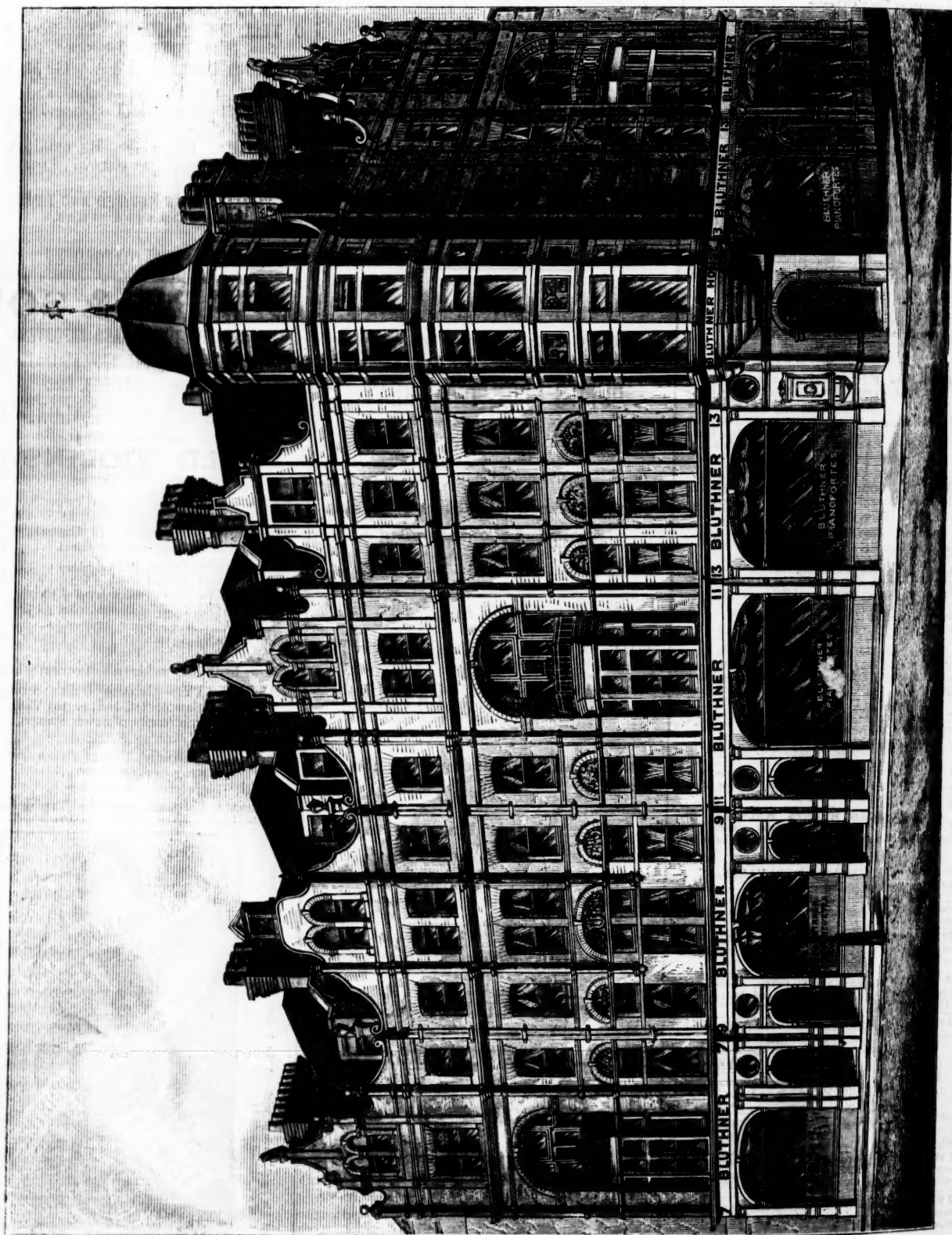
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Lullaby of Life

Words by TH. REV. S. J. STONE

Music by HENRY LESLIE.

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CHILDREN

(K I N D E R)

Words by LONGFELLOW

Music by HARRY A. THOMSON.

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL. E.C.

LULLABY OF LIFE.

WORDS BY
THE REV. S. J. STONE.

Inserted by special permission.

MUSIC BY
HENRY LESLIE.

Allegretto non troppo. (♩ = 72). whose pe - tals fade

SOPRANO. ALTO.
Sleep lit - tle flow - er, whose pe - tals fade and fall O'er the

TENOR. BASS.
Sleep lit - tle flow - er, whose pe - tals fade and fall O'er the

PIANO. *mf*

sun - less

sun - less ground; Ring no more peals of per - fume on the air Sleep long and

sun - less ground; Ring no more peals of per - fume on the air Sleep long and

sound

Sound Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.

Sound Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.

whose breath - ing grows

slow - ly

mf Sleep sum - mer wind whose breath - ing grows more faint, As night draws slow - ly

• Sleep sum - mer wind whose breath - ing grows more faint, As night draws slow - ly

mf

nigh; Cease thy sweet chant - ing In the clois - tral woods And seem to

nigh; Cease thy sweet chant - ing In the clois - tral woods And seem to

pp die Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.

die Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.

pp

Lento quasi Recit. (♩ = 63)

Sleep, thou great o - cean, whose wild wa - ters sink un - der the set - ting sun;

Sleep, thou great o - cean, whose wild wa - ters sink un - der the set - ting sun;

f

più lento dim.

Hush the loud mu - sic of thy war - ring waves Till night is done — Sleep, sleep, sleep.
più lento dim.

Hush the loud mu - sic of thy - war - ring waves Till night is done — Sleep, sleep, sleep.

più lento dim.

Tempo primo.

ppp

Sleep thou tir - ed heart, whose moun - tain puls - es droop With - in the

ppp

Sleep thou tir - ed heart, — whose moun - tain puls - es droop With - in the

ppp

val - ley

val - ley cold. On pain and plea - sures, fears and hopes of life Let —

val - ley cold. On pain and plea - sures, fears and hopes of life Let

ppp

go thine hold Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.

ppp

go thine hold Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.

ppp

Adagio non troppo.

5

p *cre -* 'tis on - ly sleep and be *f* for
Sleep for 'tis on - ly sleep and there shall be new life
p *cre -* 'tis on - ly sleep and there shall be new life for
p *cre -* 'tis on - ly sleep and there shall be new life for

all at day:
for all day at day: So sleep all sleep all un -
all at day

the *dim.* a - way a - way.
til the rest - ful night has pass'd pass'd pass'd a - way.
So sleep un - til the rest - ful night has pass'd pass'd a - way.

pp *dim.* rall - *ppp* - en - tan - do
Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.
Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.

CHILDREN.

KINDER.

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MUSIC BY
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VOICE.
GESANG.

(M. M. ♩ = 92.)

PIANO.

ritenuto
Come to me oh ye
Kommt zu mir lieb - li - che

mf *pp*

Children for I hear you at your play, and the quest - ions that per plex'd me have
Kin - der, hör ich eu - re Spiele voll Lust, da flie - hen die Ge - dan - ken mich quä - lend weit

cresc.

dim. e poco rall.

van-ish'd quite a - way, and the quest - ions that per - plex'd me have van-ish'd quite a - way.
fort aus mei - ner Brust, da fliehen die Ge - dan - ken mich quä - lend weit fort aus mei - ner Brust.

ten. *colla voce - ten.* *a tempo*

rall.

Tempo giusto (♩ = 108.)

In your hearts are the birds and the sun - - - shine, in your
Eu - er Herz birgt Vö - - gel und Son - - - ne, eu - er

pp *legato sempre leggierissimo*

Pedale.

thoughts the brook - - lets flow, but in
Den - - ken dem Bach - - rau - schen gleicht, in

mine is the wind of the au - - tumn and the
mir tobt herbst - - li - cher Sturm - - wind, der

cresc. *leggierissimo*

first fall of the snow, but in mine is the wind of
er - - ste Schnee - fall sich zeigt! In mir tobt herbst - li - cher

ad lib. *dim. - a tempo*

colla voce *a tempo*

au - - tumn and the first fall of the snow.
Sturm - - wind, der er - ste Schnee - fall sich zeigt.

tranquillo

poco cresc. - cantabile

dim. - pp

(♩ = 92.) *cresc. - - - dim.*

Come to me oh ye child - ren and whis - per in my ear what the birds and the trees are sing - ing in your
 Kommt zu mir lieb liche Kin - der und lis pelt in's Ohr mir leis' was Vö gel und Luf - te sin gen in

mp *semplice*

cresc. *dim.* *più mosso* (♩ = 122)

sunny at - mos - phere, what the birds and the trees are sing - ing in your sunny at - mos - phere.
 eurem sonni - gen Kreis, was Vö - gel und Luf - te sin - gen in eurem sonnigen Kreis.

ten. *più mosso*

poco cresc. *ad lib.*

Ye are bet - ter than all the bal - lads that ev - er were sung and
 Mehr seid ihr als al - le Bal - la - den, — die Bar - de und Dichter uns

colla voce

a tempo *dim.* *poco rit.*

said — for ye are the liv - ing po - em — and all the rest are dead, for
 bot, — ihr seid le - bendige Ge - dich - te — die an - dern al - le sind todt,

a tempo. cresc. *cresc.*

or *dim.*

ye are the liv - ing po - em and all the rest are dead.
 ihr seid le - bendige Ge - dich - te, — die andern al - le sind todt.

pp colla voce *morendo* *ppp* *Adagio.*

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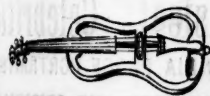
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"When Love and I were young together,
We did not care for storms and showers;
We laughed and sang in wintry weather,
Orroved in rapture through the flowers;
We lingered in the sunny places,
And mocked the blackbird's merry trill,
The light of morn was on our faces,
When Love and I went up the hill."

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"When thou art nigh, it seems a new
creation round,
The sun hath fairer beams—the lute a
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Though thee alone I see, and hear alone
thy sigh,
'Tis light, 'tis song to me, 'tis all when
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